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[In advance from the forthcoming second volume of WASHINGTON IRVING'S "Mahomet and his Successors," in the press of Putnam.]

SEIGE AND CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

THE Moslem invaders reposed for a month at Damascus from the toil of conquest, during which time Abu Obeidah sent to the Caliph to know whether he should undertake the siege of Caesarea, or Jerusalem. Ali was with Omar at the time, and advised the instant siege of the latter; for such, he said, had been the intention of the prophet. The enterprise against Jerusalem was as a holy war to the Moslems, for they revered it as an ancient seat of prophecy and revelation, connected with the histories of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet, and sanctified by containing the tombs of several of the ancient prophets. The Caliph adopted the advice of Ali, and ordered Abu Obeidah to lead his army into Palestine, and lay siege to Jerusalem.

On receiving these orders, Abu Obeidah sent forward Yezed Abu Sofian, with five thousand men, to commence the siege, and for five successive days detached after him considerable reinforcements. The people of Jerusalem saw the approach of these portentous invaders, who were spreading such consternation throughout the East, but they made no sally to oppose them, nor sent out any one to parley, but planted engines on their walls, and prepared for vigorous defence. Yezed approached the city and summoned it by sound of trumpet, propounding the customary terms, profession of the faith or tribute: both were rejected with disdain. The Moslems would have made instant assault, but Yezed had no such instructions: he encamped, therefore, and waited until orders arrived from Abu Obeidah to attack the city, when he made the necessary preparations.

At cock-crow in the morning the Moslem host was marshalled, the leaders repeated the matin prayer each at the head of his battalion, and all, as if by one consent, with a loud voice gave the verse from the Koran: "Enter ye, oh people! into the holy land which Allah hath destined for you."

For ten days they made repeated but un-

vailing attacks; on the eleventh day Abu Obeidah brought the whole army to their aid. He immediately sent a written summons requiring the inhabitants to believe in the unity of God, the divine mission of Mahomet, the resurrection and final judgment: or else to acknowledge allegiance, and pay tribute to the Caliph: "otherwise," concluded the letter, "I will bring men against you, who love death better than you love wine or swine's flesh; nor will I leave you, God willing, until I have destroyed your fighting men, and made slaves of your children."

The summons was addressed to the magistrates and principal inhabitants of Ælia, for so Jerusalem was named after the emperor Ælius Adrian, when he rebuilt that city.

Sophronius, the Christian patriarch, or bishop of Jerusalem, replied that this was the holy city, and the holy land, and that whoever entered either, for a hostile purpose, was an offender in the eyes of God. He felt some confidence in setting the invaders at defiance, for the walls and towers of the city had been diligently strengthened, and the garrison had been reinforced by fugitives from Yermouk, and from various parts of Syria. The city, too, was strong in its situation, being surrounded by deep ravines and a broken country; and above all there was a pious incentive to courage and perseverance in defending the sepulchre of Christ.

Four wintry months elapsed; every day there were sharp skirmishings; the besiegers were assailed by sallying parties, annoyed by the engines on the walls, and harassed by the inclement weather; still they carried on the siege with undiminished spirit. At length the Patriarch Sempronius held a parley from the walls with Abu Obeidah. "Do you not know," said he, "that this city is holy; and that whoever offers violence to it draws upon his head the vengeance of heaven?"

"We know it," replied Abu Obeidah, "to be the house of the prophets, where their bodies lie interred; we know it to be the place whence our prophet Mahomet made his nocturnal ascent to heaven; and we know that we are more worthy of possessing it than you are, nor will we raise the siege until Allah has delivered it into our hands, as he has done many other places."

Seeing there was no further hope, the patriarch consented to give up the city, on condition that the Caliph would come in person to take possession and sign the articles of surrender.

When this unusual stipulation was made known to the Caliph, he held a council with his friend. Othman despised the people of Jerusalem, and was for refusing their terms, but Ali represented the sanctity and importance of the place in the eyes of the Christians, which might prompt them to reinforce it, and to make a desperate defence if treated with indignity. Besides, he added, the presence of the Caliph would cheer and inspirit the army in their long absence, and after the hardships of a wintry campaign.

The words of Ali had their weight with the Caliph: though certain Arabian writers pretend that he was chiefly moved by a tradition handed down in Jerusalem from days of yore,

which said, that a man of his name, religion and personal appearance, should conquer the holy city. Whatever may have been his inducements, the Caliph resolved to receive in person the surrender of Jerusalem. He accordingly appointed Ali to officiate in his place during his absence from Medina; then, having prayed at the mosque, and paid a pious visit to the tomb of the prophet, he set out on his journey.

The progress of this formidable potentate, who already held the destinies of empires in his grasp, and had the plunder of the Orient at his command, is characteristic of the primitive days of Mahometanism, and reveals, in some measure, the secret of its success. He travelled on a red or sorrel camel, across which was slung an alforja, or wallet, with a huge sack or pocket at each end, something like the modern saddle-bags. One pocket contained dates and dried fruits, and the other a provision called sawik, which was nothing more than barley, rice, or wheat, parched or sodden. Before him hung a leathern bottle, or sack, for water, and behind him a wooden platter. His companions, without distinction of rank, ate with him out of the same dish, using their fingers according to Oriental usage. He slept at night on a mat spread out under a tree, or under a common Bedouin tent of hair-cloth, and never resumed his march until he had offered up the morning prayer.

As he journeyed through Arabia in this simple way, he listened to the complaints of the people, redressed their grievances, and administered justice with sound judgment and a rigid hand. Information was brought to him of an Arab who was married to two sisters, a practice not unusual among idolaters, but the man was now a Mahometan. Omar cited the culprit and his two wives into his presence, and taxed him roundly with his offence; but he declared his ignorance that it was contrary to the law of the prophet.

"Thou liest!" said Omar, "thou shalt part with one of them instantly, or lose thy head."

"Evil was the day that I embraced such a religion," muttered the culprit. "Of what advantage has it been to me?"

"Come nearer to me," said Omar; and on his approaching, the Caliph bestowed two wholesome blows on his head with his walking-staff.

"Enemy of God and of thyself," cried he, "let these blows reform thy manners, and teach thee to speak with more reverence of a religion ordained by Allah, and acknowledged by the best of his creatures."

He then ordered the offender to choose between his wives, and finding him at a loss which to prefer, the matter was determined by lot, and he was dismissed by the Caliph with this parting admonition: "Whoever professes Islam, and afterwards renounces it, is punishable with death; therefore take heed to your faith. And as to your wife's sister, whom you have put away, if ever I hear that you have meddled with her, you shall be stoned."

At another place he beheld a number of men exposed to the burning heat of the sun by their Moslem conquerors, as a punishment for failing to pay their tribute. Finding, on inquiry, that they were entirely destitute of means, he ordered them to be released; and

turning reproachfully to their oppressors, "Compel no men," said he, "to more than they can bear; for I heard the apostle of God say, he who afflicts his fellow-man in this world, will be punished with the fire of Jehennam."

While yet within a day's journey of Jerusalem, Abu Obeidah came to meet him and conduct him to the camp. The Caliph proceeded with due deliberation, never forgetting his duties as a priest and teacher of Islam. In the morning he said the usual prayers, and preached a sermon, in which he spoke of the security of those whom God should lead in the right way; but added, that there was no help for such as God should lead into error.

A grey-headed Christian priest, who sat before him, could not resist the opportunity to criticise the language of the Caliph preacher. "God leads no man into error," said he, aloud.

Omar deigned no direct reply, but, turning to those around, "Strike off that old man's head," said he, "if he repeats his words."

The old man was discreet, and held his peace. There was no arguing against the sword of Islam.

On his way to the camp Omar beheld a number of Arabs, who had thrown by the simple garb of their country, and arrayed themselves in the silken spoils of Syria. He saw the danger of this luxury and effeminacy, and ordered that they should be dragged with their faces in the dirt, and their silken garments torn from their backs.

When he came in sight of Jerusalem he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Allah Achbar! God is mighty! God grant us an easy conquest!" Then commanding his tent to be pitched, he dismounted from his camel and sat down within it on the ground. The Christians thronged to see the sovereign of this new and irresistible people, who were overrunning and subduing the earth. The Moslems, fearful of an attempt at assassination, would have kept them at a distance, but Omar rebuked their fears. "Nothing will befall us but what God hath decreed. Let the faithful trust in him."

The arrival of the Caliph was followed by immediate capitulation. When the deputies from Jerusalem were admitted to a parley, they were astonished to find this dreaded potentate a bald-headed man, simply clad, and seated on the ground in a tent of hair-cloth.

The articles of surrender were drawn up in writing by Omar, and served afterwards as a model for the Moslem leaders in other conquests. The Christians were to build no new churches in the surrendered territory. The church doors were to be set open to travellers, and free ingress permitted to Mahometans by day and night. The bells should only toll, and not ring, and no crosses should be erected on the churches, nor shown publicly in the streets. The Christians should not teach the Koran to their children; nor speak openly of their religion; nor attempt to make proselytes; nor hinder their kinsfolk from embracing Islam. They should not assume the Moslem dress, either caps, slippers, or turbans, nor part their hair like Moslems, but should always be distinguished by girdles. They should not use the Arabian language in inscriptions on their signets, nor salute after the Moslem manner, nor be called by Moslem surnames. They should rise on the entrance of a Moslem, and remain standing until he should be seated. They should entertain every Moslem traveller three days gratis. They should sell no wine, bear no arms, and use no saddle in riding; neither should they

have any domestic who had been in Moslem service.

Such were the degrading conditions imposed upon the proud city of Jerusalem, once the glory and terror of the East, by the leader of a host of wandering Arabs. They were the conditions generally imposed by the Moslems in their fanatical career of conquest. Utter scorn and abhorrence of their religious adversaries formed one of the main pillars of their faith.

The Christians having agreed to surrender on these terms, the Caliph gave them, under his own hand, an assurance of protection in their lives and fortunes, the use of their churches, and the exercise of their religion.

Omar entered the once splendid city of Solomon on foot, in his simple Arab garb, with his walking-staff in his hand, and accompanied by the venerable Sophronius, with whom he talked familiarly, inquiring about the antiquities and public edifices. The worthy patriarch treated the conqueror with all outward deference, but, if we may trust the words of a Christian historian, he loathed the dirty Arab in his heart, and was particularly disgusted with his garb of coarse woollen, patched with sheepskin. His disgust was almost irrepressible when they entered the church of the Resurrection, and Sophronius beheld the Caliph in his filthy attire, seated in the midst of the sacred edifice. "This, of a truth," exclaimed he, "is the abomination of desolation predicted by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place."

It is added that, to pacify the cleanly scruples of the patriarch, Omar consented to put on clean raiment which he offered him, until his own garments were washed.

An instance of the strict good faith of Omar is related as occurring on this visit to the Christian temples. While he was standing with the patriarch in the church of the Resurrection, one of the stated hours for Moslem worship arrived, and he demanded where he might pray. "Where you now are," replied the patriarch. Omar, however, refused, and went forth. The patriarch conducted him to the church of Constantine, and spread a mat for him to pray there; but again he refused. On going forth, he knelt, and prayed on the flight of steps leading down from the east gate of the church. This done, he turned to the patriarch, and gave him a generous reason for his conduct. "Had I prayed in either of the churches," said he, "the Moslems would have taken possession of it, and consecrated it as a mosque."

So scrupulous was he in observing his capitulations respecting the churches, that he gave the patriarch a writing, forbidding the Moslems to pray upon the steps where he had prayed, except one person at a time. The zeal of the faithful, however, outstripped their respect for his commands, and one half of the steps and porch was afterwards included in a mosque built over the spot which he had accidentally sanctified.

The Caliph next sought the place where the temple of Solomon had stood, where he founded a mosque; which, in after times, being enlarged and enriched by succeeding Caliphs, became one of the noblest edifices of Islam worship, and second only to the magnificent mosque of Cordova.

The surrender of Jerusalem took place in the seventeenth year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Christian era.

Reviews.

POLICE LITERATURE, &c.

New York as it was. By W. A. Duer, LL.D. Stanford & Swords. 1849.

The Mysteries and Miseries of New York. By E. Z. C. Judson.

New York by Gas-Light. By G. G. Foster. Dewitt & Davenport. 1850.

Annual Report of Mr. Matsell, Chief of Police. Corporation Print. 1850.

FIFTY years ago—it is good time now to throw plummet that far into the past, because the notch to catch at is an even one—fifty years ago Manhattaners possessed few mysteries; and these were better talked of at tea-tables under injunctions of secrecy than blazoned forth by printers' devils; and the miseries of that day were in character rather municipal than individual, and more suggestive of swamps and sore corns than of appeals to pity and the pocket. If gas-light had then existed whereby to behold our city, she would have been seen staid and sober as a Quaker maiden. Her chief of police (had there been such an officer then) would have filled a sinecure, or at the best only aired his gout in summer by punching cherry-stealing urchins, or the snuggers of pedestrianism, who hill-slided in winter from a point where the Broadway Bank now nudges the Tabernacle church.

But now—the weaving of mysteries and miseries into a glowing fictional fabric, builds yachts for the weaver, or fees his counsel when he is clutched by the law. They fill a bulky volume, and horrify many a farmer by the perusal of its pages, as they are scattered over the country by the book pedlars who swarm its extent like busy bees—humming into every doorway, and leaving behind honied sweetness or stinging poison. New York by Gas-Light is now as busy as by sunbeams; the bank of the merchant is closed, but the bank of the gambler has opened; the dishonest tradesman has put up his shutters, but the ranks of toil he has quitted are filled up thereafter by the robbers of virtue and patrimony. "Night is the time for sleep," commenced one of our nursery rhymes in "New York as it was;" but the Readers of the Mysteries and Miseries will find night now is a time for desecration of the noblest temple ever constructed—the human frame; when dice and slung shot in brilliant saloons or dark alleys are the spoilers of fortune and life.

Country Lyceums and moral societies weekly discuss the question whether crime is on the increase. We beg leave under favor of welding together the publications above named, to submit to them how far this question may embrace a sub-inquiry—whether the increase of novels and essays based upon criminal annals is not presumptive evidence of the increase of crime itself. Jack Sheppard was a rascal of the last century; but was not really canonized in the Newgate calendar until orders to that effect were given by Ainsworth, High Priest of the fiction whose birthplace is St. Giles's. Bill Sykes, Naney, and old Fagin, yet live as the studies of the Dickensish portraits. All which we know of criminal-sprung fiction is of our own remembrance. And the reader who sets out to master all the yellow cover literature of our day, works very hard for a living.

The multiplication of the local novel is a sight-post for your surveyor of the distance between the New York of Mr. Duer and that of Ned Buntline. Dr. Griswold some time since lodged for safe keeping with the Histori-

cal Society memoranda of the exact number of American local novels—more hundreds than one would desire to finger even if an intellectual Robinson Crusoe, devoid of amusement on some savage island. We conjecture if the statistics were properly made up, the number of local novels would be found to have increased in ratio with the increase of names in the directory; from the time it was a pamphlet merely, until it assumed dropsical shape under care of Dr. Doggett.

If the local novel born and reared in Manhattan is to be believed, its birthplace is become a very bad one; and waiving all considerations of danger to taste and the shock to refinement, such works as the *Mysteries* and the *New York by Gas-Light* will do quite as much to rouse the torpor of the humanely-disposed citizen as any report of the Gotham Vidocq—Mr. Matsell. And although their authors may not have intended it, their perusal in the right spirit will accomplish much for the cause of social reform and religious philanthropy; by showing us portraits of New York as it is (they are not over-colored, remarked to us an ex-city-magistrate not long ago, when speaking of the sketches of Messrs. Foster and Judson); by recalling the attention of the rich philanthropist from Hungarian suffering and Boston crime, to scenes not a stone's throw from his own dwelling, and perhaps to be witnessed under the roof of one of his own tenements—their knowledge carefully concealed from him by his real estate agent; and by stimulating the action of capitalist and magistrate.

The blister of the Allopathist and the arsenic of the disciple of Hahnemann have often saved life; and if the *Mysteries* and *Miseries* of New York, by inviting attention to moral diseases, will but combine to eradicate them, Ned Buntline, like the Inquisitors of old, has not been altogether without his mission.

Representative Men: Seven Lectures. By R. Waldo Emerson. Boston; Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We are inclined to think this Mr. Emerson's best work; and that because in it he is most objective. He distracts us less than usual with his visionary, metaphysical, ethical, religious theories, and consoles us with more common sense, with a kind of dramatic power. He seats himself at the centre of another man's intellect, and thence illuminates it for our vision. We think that he shows himself an adept at intellectual characterization; but we doubt, after all, his ability to determine the right ethical value of human characters, and that because his own ethical theory is something low, fallacious (notwithstanding the fine words), and ultimately subversive of itself. Its tendency exhibits itself by bits here and there in this work, quite openly. It is marching on to its inevitable conclusion. Else what means such a passage as this:—"the Divine effort is never relaxed: the carrion, in the sun, will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."

Now without speaking of the ground for the seemingly lofty theory of Providence from which such a passage as this could spring, we beg our readers to think, for a moment, of the consequences, could mankind be brought to believe this corollary. A fine world we should have of it surely! plenty of remorse for crime! and noble efforts for self-amelioration! Yet these are but the logical consequences of this stoicism of the nineteenth century. In-

deed, this theory of "self-reliance," with however fine principles it may start, must necessarily result, to be self-consistent, in moral indifference.

As far, then, as a man's judgment can be worthy with this "dead fly" in his heart, we are disposed to give all praise to these specimens of Mr. Emerson's ability, to give a right intellectual and æsthetic valuation.

The equilibrium of the Eastern and Western intellect, of the Infinite and finite element, of the tendencies to unity and to multiplicity, to religion and to culture, in Plato, and his mental strength and opulence, are clearly and poetically exhibited, and could hardly be reproduced in fewer words. Plato's defect is—first, that

"In expression he is literary, and never otherwise. It is almost the sole deduction from the merit of Plato, that his writings have not,—what is no doubt incident to the regnancy of intellect in his work,—the vital authority which the screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess." And, secondly, "he has not a system. He attempted a theory of the universe, and his theory is not complete or self-evident."

"He is charged with having failed to make the transition from ideas to matter." . . . "Here is the world, sound as a nut, perfect, not the smallest piece of chaos left, never a stitch nor an end, not a mark of haste, or botching, or second thought; but the theory of the world is a thing of shreds and patches."

The portrait of Socrates is admirable;—

"He was a cool fellow, adding to his humor a perfect temper, and a knowledge of his man, be he whom he might whom he talked with, which laid the companion open to certain defeat in any debate, and in this debate he immoderately delighted. The young men are prodigiously fond of him, and invite him to their feasts, whither he goes for conversation. He can drink, too; has the strongest head in Athens; and after leaving the whole party under the table, goes away, as if nothing had happened, to begin new dialogues with somebody that is sober. In short, he was what our country people call an *old one*." . . . "Under his hypocritical pretence of knowing nothing, he attacks and brings down all the fine speakers, all the fine philosophers. Nobody can refuse to talk with him, he is so honest, and really curious to know; a man who was willingly confuted if he did not speak the truth, and who willingly confuted others, asserting what was false. A pitiless disputant, who knows nothing, but the bounds of whose conquering intelligence no man had ever reached, whose temper was imperturbable, whose dreadful logic was always leisurely and sportive, so careless and ignorant, as to disarm the warriest, and draw them in the pleasantest manner into horrible doubts and confusion. But he always knew the way out, knew it, yet would not tell it. No escape; he drives them to terrible choices by his dilemmas, and tosses the Hippiases and Gorgias with their grand reputations, as a boy tosses his balls."

And much more on the same topic quite as good. Mr. Emerson brings a deal of enthusiasm to the consideration of Swedenborg, but we think the following estimate not far from just:—

"The moral insight of Swedenborg, the correction of popular errors, the announcement of ethical laws, take him out of comparison with any other modern writer, and entitle him to a place vacant for some ages, among the lawgivers of mankind. That slow but commanding influence which he has acquired, like that of other religious geniuses, must be excessive also, and have its tides, before it subsides into a permanent amount. Of course, what is real and universal cannot be confined to the circle of those who sympathize strictly with his genius, but will pass forth into the common stock of wise and just thinking."

Mr. Emerson shows that Swedenborg's Revelations of the other world destroy their own credit, by their running into inconsistent details:—

"There is no beauty—no heaven." . . . "Shall the archangels be less majestic and sweet than the figures that have actually walked the earth? These angels that Swedenborg paints give us no very high idea of their discipline and culture: they are all country parsons."

Swedenborg was no poet.

"It is remarkable that this man, who, by his perception of symbols, saw the poetic construction of things, and the primary relation of mind to matter, remained entirely devoid of the whole apparatus of poetic expression, which that perception creates." . . . "Now could he not read off one strain in music." . . . "His books have no melody, no emotion, no humor, no relief to the dead, prosaic level. In his profuse and accurate imagery is no pleasure, for there is no beauty."

The doctrine of "Correspondence," or that the material universe is one vast and perfect type of that which is spiritual, of which every thoughtful and at the same time poetic mind has now and then suspected the truth, was, according to Mr. Emerson, made much of by Swedenborg, and might have been made more but for the exclusive theologic direction which his inquiries took. This is true undoubtedly, but what was "the vice of his mind" was an honor to his heart. The gravest fault of his intellect, according to Mr. Emerson, was that he could not ignore the fact that God had indeed spoken revelations into the world; that he could not from some grand, lofty, catholic stand-point, look down upon Judaism and Christianity as in the same level with the other religions of the earth. Happy elevation! which Voltaire, and Strauss, and other honored ones have attained! Indeed, how dull-eyed must that philosophy be which can overlook the most stupendous fact which the world has witnessed, which cannot but be scrutinized by him who would bring forth the soul from the world's entire history!

The character of the sceptic, of which Montaigne is the representative, emerges from the contrast of the mental dispositions, of which one looks to the sensation side of every fact, to the Finite and Apparent, producing men of talent and action; and the other to the moral and spiritual side, to the Infinite and Real, producing men of faith and philosophy, men of genius. Contempt for the first species, and indifference to the last, with a wise determination to make the most of life, without troubling one's self with chimeras of any kind, is that species of scepticism to which is devoted the paper upon Montaigne.

The lecture upon Shakspeare is admirable as the rest, yet contains nothing very unlike what has already been written on that exhaustless topic. But in giving the great poet his ultimate valuation, our author is just and impartial, and

"finds him to share the halffness and imperfection of humanity."—Knowing the "splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world,"—he rested in its beauty, "and never took the step which seemed inevitable to such genius, to explore the virtue which resides in these symbols" . . . "He converted the elements, which waited on his command, into entertainments . . . as long as the question is of talent and mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show. But when the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me?"—"Other men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reached only the common mea-

sure of great authors, of Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Cervantes, we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fates; but that this man of men, he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos, that he should not be wise for himself,—it must even go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement."

Napoleon is painted as the representation of the Democratic element, whose "tendency is material, pointing at a sensual success, and employing the richest and most various means to that end: conversant with mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned and skilful, but subordinating all intellectual and spiritual forces into means to a material success."

Because, then, he had precisely the same aims with the mass, and possessed such talent and energy that he was able to succeed in the same, therefore was he the idol of this class of mankind. "Napoleon renounced, once for all, sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and his head. . . . He is never weak and literary, but acts with the solidity and the precision of natural agents. . . . Men give way before such a man, as before natural events."

Add to all this his immense physical vigor, and we have the ideal of the Democracy. For ever will it throw itself into the arms of absolutism and be obsequious, and find its ideal thus realized, in a Napoleon. It was because the common obstacles to a purely selfish aim, moral or religious restraints, natural affection, were no obstacles to him, that his energy was so exhaustless and his success so certain. Of course, a success, without moral principle, could not be permanent, and the author justly concludes:—"Every experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific Fourier will be as inefficient as the pernicious Napoleon."

Not unlike the character of Napoleon is that of Goethe; their objects only were unlike. One pursued physical dominion, the other knowledge for the sake of himself; and both were unscrupulous as to the means. Goethe was quite as little swayed by affection, or ruled by the usual sentiment, as Napoleon. Monarchs were they both, but in different realms.

"I dare not say that Goethe ascended to the highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He has not worshipped the highest unity: he is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment.—His is not even the devotion to pure truth; but to truth for the sake of culture . . . having but one test for all men. 'What can you teach me?' All possessions are valued by him for that only; rank, privileges, health, time, being itself."

A character more selfish and despicable could not be painted. Indeed, there is something demonic about both Napoleon and Goethe as here represented, and Mr. Emerson's portraits are flattering enough.

Sir Edward Graham; or, Railway Speculators. By Miss Sinclair. Harpers.

THERE is little necessity to put "Author of, &c.," after the words Catharine Sinclair upon the title-page of her novels. It augurs little for one's "Modern Accomplishments," to be ignorant of her name and quality. The most puissant critics of the "Edinburgh" have sung her praises; and there is scarcely a Sunday-school scholar unknowing of "Holiday House" and "Charlie Seymour."

And rightly has she met with favor. Her

novels possess a fresh naturalness of style, which, when treating of everyday family occurrences, absorbs attention and challenges admiration. You may pick out her characters in a hundred social circles, and you recognise them as much old acquaintances as the yearly portraits of the Academy of Design in their high chambers of high art in Broadway. The brilliancy of the wit and the strength of thought do not flag from preface to final pen-dash. And although the minuteness with which the characters are sketched, and the fidelity in conversation which they possess, are apt to weary ordinary readers eager for development of plot, few critics will be loath to linger by the story's wayside; for the plots of our author compared with her episodes are of little importance.

The present novel we think the best of all Miss Sinclair's writing. That it would prove so we had no idea on reading the preface. Its announcement that "her object is to give a pleasing, unexaggerated sketch of cheerful manners and amiable motives, of home duties and agreeable occupations," is amply authorized. And the object thus held in view is amply answered.

Miss Sinclair does not term her work a novel, but "a slight sketch of modern habits, manners, and conversation, as they now exist in society;" yet it is better worthy the name of novel, lace-like as is its plot, than one third of the name published.

Our author opens as follows:—"The most juvenile specimens of mankind to be found circulating throughout the world, may generally be seen in Edinburgh society, where the beaux in ordinary acceptance at parties usually range in point of years between the ages of sixteen and twenty. A young English peer, pursued through every quadrille by the eyes of a vigilant English tutor, is commonly the chief ornament of an Edinburgh ball-room, varied by two or three of the youngest cornets from Piershill, not yet tired of being romantically admired in their uniforms, and a sprinkling of unfledged lawyers still in their years of indiscretion, and not yet endowed with wig or gown, after assuming which, they shall each be considered 'the most rising young man at the bar,' and entirely abjure polkas, negus, and flirtation. There is unfortunately no Morning Post published in Edinburgh, or the name of Lord Leamington might have been stereotyped at the head of every ball and dinner-party, during the season of 1849, and next in order of precedence, an equally juvenile *débutant*, whose general popularity made him known in every house as Harry Graham"—which shows you at once with what spirit she addresses herself to work.

We are next introduced to a hero of Waterloo—a widower with a son and daughter. The former you know at once, and may find his like any day coming out of the gate of Columbia College. Being a widower, "Sir Edward Graham" is of course fair mark for a clever woman husband-hunting. The target of his heart is accordingly hit by a ball (whose wadding is infatuation) from the pocket pistol of a Miss Perceval—whose portrait is before you:—

MISS PERCEVAL.

"There is hardly a more lamentable sight to be seen in nature—or rather in art—than what is called 'a wonderful woman!' One who is assured by jocular acquaintances that she looks every year younger, while she has the misfortune to believe them in earnest—who dances beside girls that might be her daughters, with unwilling partners who might be her sons—who enters a room dancing a step, and leaves it humming a

favorite polka—who laughs at her own jests with an artificial giggle intended to be juvenile—who is so busy with the frivolities of life that she really has no time to grow old—who would not allow herself to be old if she were a hundred—who feels it a personal affront when any one in company alludes to young ladies as being past their *première jeunesse* at thirty, or as apt to grow fat on the verge of forty—and who is for ever trying, in short, to pass off the September of her days for June.

"Miss Perceval was a splendid specimen, in excellent preservation, of the 'wonderful woman!' By candle-light she seemed unimpeachably juvenile, with a step still rather elastic, hair not above two thirds grey, and her dress most skillfully contrived so as to conceal or to display her figure in the most becoming manner: while her cousin, Captain Gray, laughingly remarked that 'Emily's age never could be divulged unless it became customary for people to be potted and labelled like his mother's preserves—'Black currant jelly, 1849.'"

"Never less at home than when at home, Emily Perceval was for ever rushing about from house to house, and would have been astonished herself, had she carried a pedometer, to discover how many miles a day she walked in order to hear and to tell every bit of small-talk recently in circulation. Miss Perceval was a living exemplification of the perpetual motion, and utterly abhorred books, newspapers, writing, needle-work, or any of the occupations which render women useful, agreeable, and respected in their own domestic circle. Nothing makes any one so utterly disliked as being perfectly self-satisfied; and on that score, few displeased others more than Miss Perceval, by being apparently quite delighted with herself, though she lived wholly for the opinion of others. She piqued herself on the countless number of her dear and intimate friends; while, nevertheless, Miss Perceval professed to be very exclusive in her selection, talking so contemptuously of all who did not belong to 'her set,' that Peter one day asked, with a look of extreme *naïveté*, whether those she was so constantly talking of were some family to which she was related—'The Snobs! or the McSnobs.'"

"Emily considered a little religion requisite, if kept in extreme moderation, put on in good taste, and worn easily, as a graceful ornament; therefore she might be seen often on Sunday, keeping as many other people as possible from church by driving in a hack-cab, with a boy in buttons, attending, to some distant locality, pastor-hunting after the last new celebrity as a preacher. In one hand she generally carried a large bouquet of exotics and a smelling-bottle; and in the other a Bible and prayer-book, splendidly bound in crimson velvet, with gold clasps and corners. By Miss Perceval's own account, her religion seemed to live or die according to the eloquence of the sermon she heard on each successive Sunday; and if that were not in what she considered the highest style of eloquence, abounding in tropes, illustrations, similes, exclamations, and poetry, all delivered with voice and attitudes to correspond, she complained in a tone of self-complacent acknowledgment, that really she had so much imagination that it was impossible to curb in her wandering attention by the commonplace thoughts that could satisfy ordinary people. Miss Perceval not only sat, like the philosophers of Athens, listening in criticising judgment, but even at church she did not neglect any opportunity to show off her exclusiveness and fine-lady airs. If any apparently insignificant stranger entered the same pew, she instantly pulled down her veil, crouched into the furthest corner, uncorked her salts, buried her face in her bouquet, and, in short, wasted agonies of repulsiveness on the generally unconscious delinquents, who were often so absorbed in their own devotions as not to become aware of the utter abhorrence which she intended them to perceive they had at first sight inspired."

Miss Perceval marries Sir Edward and becomes a ridiculous step-mother, and still more ridiculous wife and daughter-in-law.

The antipode of Lady Graham is her cousin, Peter Grey, a naval captain as homespun in his good-nature as his name, and as dangerous in his wit as the guns of his profession; although he never used the one nor the other in attacking his friends. Lady Graham caught his sarcasm, however, and his conversational encounters with her present some of the most amusing passages in the work.

His family in their quiet rustic retreat group about them most of the personages of the story; and in their sayings and doings present the reader chapter by chapter with as interesting a diary as he would wish to open.

We are tempted to an outline of the story, and as our readers will perceive have once or twice made commencement of it; but the outline, without the filling in, and without the hues and accessories which adorn it, would be too imperfect in beauty.

The name of the work is not sufficiently appropriate. To call it by so stiff a name (suggestive of "James") is like christening a child of genius Julius Caesar. "The Railway Speculators" is better; but Lady Graham's connexion with shares and brokers is so very slight that its consideration ought not to overshadow the rest of the book. "Family Quipsters," "The Modern Malvolio," "Portraits by Contrast," or a dozen other names, would have better satisfied us.

We shall therefore send it to the binder's endorsed "Miss Sinclair's last;" and promise ourselves upon its reappearance in muslin dress a second and a third perusal.

MR. BYRON'S BYRONIANA.

The Inedited Works of Lord Byron, now first published from his Letters, &c., in the possession of his Son, Major George Gordon Byron. Part 2. G. G. Byron, 257 Broadway; R. Martin, 46 Ann street.

THE second number of Mr. Byron's publication is more readable than the first. It treats us to a copy of the mischievous verses on Sam Rogers, dated 1818, which Byron communicated to Murray as one of a series of satirical characters (which the bookseller seems to have instigated), and alluded to in a letter preserved by Moore as the 398th of the correspondence in "The Life and Letters." The whole, Byron's squibs as well as his eulogies upon Rogers, have passed over to history, and there is no one, we suppose, whose equanimity will be disturbed at reading the polished invective, worthy of Pope's Lord Hervey, and beyond all license and credibility in its personalities, with which the poet was probably after all not so much gratifying his malice as sporting his wit. While a man is about it, it is due to his intellect to express himself with point and energy; the fancy soon gets ahead of the temper in the process—and probably some of the least bitter things are the most keen and polished in their invective. The finer processes of the intellect disarm the coarser impulses of malevolence. The very pushing the thing to excess by a man of genius brings him around to the humanity of his subject, a subtle connexion of passion which may account alike for the zeal with which Byron lampooned and the friendliness with which he complimented Rogers. At this distance of time and space the lines seem to us quite impersonal—like others in the British Bards, which, severe as they are, Magnanimity would never rankle at. Personal satire is a game played for, the interest of the bystanders. The wounds which

great men inflict upon each other with Damascus steel are like those which the gods received at Troy, impalpable to themselves. The humor of the best of these verses is Swiftian, it passes over to human nature from the individual; and, like a sailor swearing at his ship, it does one no harm to belabor human nature occasionally:—

VERSES ON SAM. ROGERS,
Author of "The Pleasures of Memory."
IN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Question.

"Nose and chin would shame a knocker;
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scorners,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you;
Eyes of lead like hue and gummy;
Carcase picked out from some mummy;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten);

Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanized at times to go?

Vampyre, ghost, or ghoul, what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it."

Answer.

"Many passengers arrest one,
To demand the same free question.
Shorter's my reply, and franker—
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker.
Yet if you could bring about,
Just to turn him inside out,
Satan's self would seem less sooty,
And his present aspect—Beauty.
Mark that (as he masks the bilious
Air, so softly supercilious)
Chastened bow, and mock humility,
Almost sick'n'd in servility;
Hear his tone (which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking,
Now on all fours, now on tiptoe);
Hear the tales he lends his lip to;
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in turn he handles;
All which women, or which men do,
Glides forth in an intendo,
Clothed in odds and ends of humor—
Herald of each paltry rumor.
From divorces, down to dresses,
Woman's frailties, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil,
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe—for that he fears you,
And in absence blasts and sears you:
You're his friend—for that he hates you,
First caresses, and then baits you—
Darting on the opportunity
When to do it with impunity:
You are neither—then he'll flatter,
Till he finds some trait for satire;
Hunts your weak point out, then shows it,
Where it injures to disclose it,
In the mode that's most invidious,
Adding every trait that's hideous—
From the bile, whose blackening river
Rushes through his Stygian liver.

"Then he thinks himself a lover—
Why? I really can't discover
In his mind, age, face, or figure;
Viper broth might give him vigor,
Let him keep the cauldron steady,
He the venom has already.
For his faults—he has but one,—
'Tis but envy, when all's done.
He but pays the pain he suffers,
Clipping, like a pair of snuffers,
Lights which ought to burn the brighter
For this temporary blighter.
He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces,—
Plague personified, and famine,—
Devil, whose sole delight is damning.

"For his merits, would you know 'em?
Once he wrote a pretty Poem."

Has not this, spite of its blackguardism, more of the ardor of composition than wickedness of intention? Yet we think no one will recommend Byron's reckless, wanton treatment of his acquaintances to general imitation. Mr. Byron tells us he has some other sketches to publish, and intimates a skit at Brougham, who must be used to skinning by this time:—

"That Brougham formed one of the 'Byron Gallery' will not surprise us—for in some of his

notes on the orators of his time, after criticising Sheil, Canning, &c., Byron pauses at the name of Brougham. 'Of Brougham,' says he, 'I say nothing—for I hate the man.' Lord Byron always suspected—and, as will be proved in another place, justly—the Chancellor in embryo of that felonious review of his 'Hours of Idleness,' which put him into so towering a passion that three bottles of claret were insufficient to allay his rage. Sir John Cam Hobhouse—'Viscount Hobby, Earl of Harangue'—and 'my boy Hobbio'—who, by the bye, has a copy of the verses on Brougham, figures likewise in an 'appropriate panel' with 'Tommy who loves a lord.' 'Gally Knight'—about whom Byron finds nothing 'respectable except his income'—is sung to the tune of 'The needy knife-grinder.' 'Southey' is dried up to a mummy—'Wordsworth,' alias '—worth, the great metaquizzical poet'—'Sotheby'—'Croker'—'Coleridge'—'John Moray, the silver-paper stationer—the *à-a-g* of publishers'—and others, sat in turn to Byron's satirical pencil."

Mr. Byron's style is rather relaxed in this second number. He indulges in some rather brilliant rhetorical writing on friendship, the individuality of authorship, &c., e. g.—"A man like Byron, formed in so magnificent a mould, and with such mighty, though so capricious endowments, by nature and by passion, could not avoid opening splendid flashes of light to the world, when he had the boldness to write without disguise to a listening public." And he calls Byron a "magician." Now, Lord Byron in a very few months after he began to write, outgrew this stage of reputation; such adjectives and rhetoric should be reserved exclusively for the rising poets of the hour.

The anecdotes, too, respecting his English celebrities, with which Mr. Byron treats the American public, are of a class which will do for the columns of a Sunday newspaper, but which are hardly worthy the immaculate types and paper of Mr. Martin. The notices of "Sam Rogers" (the London cockneys are very intimate with "Sam"), seem to have been borrowed from the "Age" or "Satirist." His reputation as a joker is undoubtedly great within the sound of Bow-bells, but it is not quite so well known as Mr. Byron intimates, in the Backwoods of America. That part of the world has other little amusements of its own to attend to. It will not be the fault of the Cockneys, however, if they do not bequeathe

SAM. ROGERS A SUPPLANTER OF JOE MILLER.

"We have often thought that a collection of the witticisms let off on the subject of Sam Rogers's death, would go near equalling in bulk the vast volume of jokes put into his mouth by a thousand industrious pun-manufacturers. There is Mackintosh's wonder, why, when at an election time he could not find an accommodation at any hotel in a country town, he did not try snug lying in the churchyard; the French valet's announcement of him as M. le Mort, mistaking him for Tom Moore, and the consequent horror of the company; Scott's recommendation that Sam should try his fate in medicine, where, if there was any truth in physiognomy, he would be sure to shine, on the strength of his having perpetually a *facies Hippocratica*; Hook's friendly caution, when he saw him at Lord Byron's funeral, to keep out of sight of the undertaker, lest he should claim him as one of his old customers; but why extend the roll, when there is not a variety of jest in which 'Goodman death, Goodman bones, thou atomy thou,' or any other of the complimentary phrases bandied about by Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, against their inveterate enemy the beadle, could be twisted, which has not been brought into action against Rogers? He stands all this fire undisturbed, strenuously maintaining not only that he is alive, but that his countenance is the very *beau ideal* of

beauty. "That's a very pretty girl," said he one night to Newton the painter; "she has a *tête morte*. I have a *tête morte*—it is really one of the finest styles of the human countenance." Whereupon Sam "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," just as he is doing in the well-known portrait.

"Independently of the persecution Sam suffers from being dead, a grievance which he has in a great measure outlived, he is an ill-used gentleman, in being made pummaster-general of the United Kingdom. How this high distinction originally came to be his, we have no historical documents to prove. It is now settled. Joe Miller vails his bonnet to Sam Rogers. In all the newspapers, not only of the Kingdom, but of its dependencies, Hindostan, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, from the Tropics, nay, from the Antipodes to the Orkneys, Sam is godfather-general to all the bad jokes in existence. The Yankees have caught the fancy, and from New Orleans to New York it is the same—Rogers is synonymous with a pun. All British-born or descended people—yea, the very negro and the Hindoo—father their calembourgs on Rogers. Quashee or Ramee-Samee, who know nothing of Sir Isaac Newton or John Milton, grin from ear to ear at the name of the illustrious banker, and with gratified voice exclaim—'Him d—funny, dat Sam.'"

These are the choice bits, the *spolia opima* of the Free and Easies and the Shades, the far off echoes of the wit and scandal of the London circles, worn out jokes cast off to the valets, the delectable and authentic second-hand gossip with which London porter is stimulated by British emigrants at Windust's.

A HOUSE FOR SHAKSPEARE.

A House for Shakspeare. A Proposition for the Consideration of the Nation. By William Wilson. London: H. Hurst.

MR. WILSON'S scheme for "a House for Shakspeare" was apparently suggested by the enthusiasm excited by the sale of Shakspeare's birth-place at Stratford upon Avon, and its purchase by a committee for the British nation. His plan is to have a Theatre built at the public expense, where "the works of Shakspeare, the world's greatest moral teacher, may be constantly performed. That the said Theatre should be opened at such reasonable charges as shall be within the reach of all. That the most able manager and best working company be engaged, and constantly retained; and that only one five-act Drama shall be performed in the course of one evening. That the Government for the time being shall hold the said Theatre in trust for the nation, appointing a committee for the management of the same."

The odds, we must say, are greatly against the success of this scheme; still it might succeed if tried with a house of moderate size, a well-trained company, and scenic appointments in strict taste and historical keeping, without extravagance—a rock upon which Mr. Macready's managements split. Sadlers' Wells' Theatre, in an out of the way part of London, has been conducted for some years by Mr. Phelps with success. We wish we could instance a like example or a like attempt in this country.

The advantage of Mr. Wilson's scheme over private enterprise would be, that his manager would have no rent to pay—a large item of expenditure which managers often dispose of by—not paying. He, however, proposes to have cheap prices of admission in consequence of this saving, so that empty benches would still be fatal to the treasury.

The plan of having but one piece performed in an evening is the true one, on many accounts, as leaving a more distinct impression

on the mind of the auditor, avoiding the fatigue consequent on a performance prolonged to four, five, and sometimes even six hours' duration, interfering less with the avocations of the day and the slumbers of the night, by enabling the theatres to open at a later, and close at an earlier hour than at present.

It is melancholy to turn from Mr. Wilson's well-presented view of what the theatre might be to the theatre as it is, with its third tier within, and drinking shops without. We have seen, and with sorrow, but small chance of improvement of late years in the actual state of things, much less any reason to hope for the dramatic Utopia sketched by Mr. Wilson. Happily our enjoyment of Shakspeare is not dependent upon the whims of managers, stars, and audiences. We can always have him as the companion of winter fireside or summer window, and myriads throughout all Anglo-Saxondom prize this companionship as one of the highest of intellectual pleasures; and thus, though the Great Bard will have to wait long, we suspect, ere his countrymen house him in the handsome style proposed by Mr. Wilson, or put up a statue to him, or show any similar mark of gratitude for his works, there are millions of households to whose enjoyment and improvement he has contributed, and in these, in our generation at least, must we be content to seek for SHAKSPEARE'S HOME.

BIBLIOMANIA.

Bibliomania of the Middle Ages. By F. Somner Merryweather. London: Merryweather.

EVERY lover of books is attacked, at some period of his career, with the Bibliomania, impelling the victim to the auction-rooms when rare books are to be knocked down, and where he feels as if he had been knocked down himself, when, owing to his hesitation or the state of his pocket, some ardently-coveted volume passes by the inexorable law of the hammer to some more fortunate individual. Defeat by no means diminishes his ardor, and ten to one he buys something he does not want, merely for the sake of buying.

The book stalls, the old book dealers, and the importers, are the apothecaries and the doctors who thrive on this disease. It generally goes on increasing with the patient until he has amassed more books than he can read, and often more still that, owing to their aridity, he cannot read; or if he have more wisely collected on some single branch of literature, he finds sooner or later an impenetrable barrier to the progress of his hobby, with whatsoever spirit he may spur its stuffed sides. He becomes aware too, especially if the fact is still more forcibly impressed upon him by a migratory May-day, that although a single volume is of little bulk, an aggregate of volumes is as great a consumer of space as an aggregate of more vulgar wares, and that a few tons of books (especially if never read) are apt to lie heavy on his mind as on his premises. So some rainy day he gives his aforesaid treasures "a thorough overhauling," prunes out those which are dear to him from their intrinsic excellence, and packs off the rest to the auction-room to be again contended for by a fresh instalment of incipient bibliomaniacs.

Such is the lightest form of the disease, and its after effects, far from being dreaded, are, we think, advantageous. We look with more respect on the externals of a book. We appreciate good paper, and clear type, and wide margin, and tasteful bindings. There are who "care for none of these things," who always buy "the cheap edition," cut open the

leaves thereof with the forefinger, and roll up the book when they have done with it, after the fashion of a heathen papyrus MS., instead of preserving its proper shape as a Christian volume; who would not scruple to indent their admiration of a passage of Shakspeare with their thumb nail on the margin, or to dog's-ear the leaves of Paradise Lost. But we have no time to spend on such Goths.

There is a great deal that is interesting about the outsides as well as the insides of books, in facts relating to editions, sales of works, &c. This interest increases, of course, as we recede from our own times to those when books were rarer (in quality, perhaps, as well as quantity) than now, and when we pass still further back, through the dusty files of *incunabula*, and the fair folios of Gutenberg (which the best printers of the present day would be proud to put their names to) to the days of manuscripts, and cloistered scribes. Here we meet Mr. Merryweather, "a gentleman of good name," be it remarked *en passant*, especially for a Londoner, who has devoted a small duodecimo volume to this subject, which ought not only to command the attention of the class to which it is addressed, but all lovers of books, and learning as well. The author, after "defining his position" as a Protestant, and yet an admirer of the patient diligence in the cause of learning of the old monks, goes on to show the large quantity of MSS. produced in the Middle Ages, and the sad havoc successively wrought to ancient libraries by Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and in later times by the destruction of the Monasteries by the scoundrel Henry VIII., lecher, murderer, church thief, and everything that is abominable. The student curses his memory when he reads the record in volumes like these of the stores of the learning of ages cast to the flames, or scattered abroad for vile uses, and the traveller re-echoes the curse as he stands within the crumbling arches of the ruined abbey, or before the shrine of some saint, whence the golden statues and ornaments were violently wrested for the melting-pot of this royal burglar. But we forget, ere we utter them, those curses, when we think of the English Reformation, its happy and glorious results, and we wonder in awe at the inscrutable plans of Providence, by which so pure a stream passed, crystal clear, beside so foul a bank.

But we are wandering from our books. Read the lamentations of Bale, as he bewails this destruction of books:—

"Never had we bene offended for the losse of our lybraryes beyng so many in nombre and in so desolate places for the moste parte, yf the chief monuments and moste notable workes of our excellent wryters had bene reserved, yf there had bene in every shyre of Englande but one solemne lybrary to the preservacyon of those noble workers, and preferment of good learnynges in oure posteryte it had bene yet somewhat. But to destroye all without consyderaacyon, is and wyll be unto Englande for ever a most horryble infamy amonge the grave senyours of other nations. A grete nombre of them whych purchased those superstyceous mansyons reserved of those lybrarye boke, some to serve theyr jakes, some to scoure theyr candel-styckes, and some to rubbe theyr bootes; some they solde to the grossers and sope sellers, and some they sent over see to the bokebynders, not in small nombre, but at tymes *whole shippes ful*. I know a merehant man, whyche shall at thys tyme be namelesse, that boughte the contents of two noble lybraryes for xl shyllings pryce, a shame is it to be spoken. Thys stuffe hathe he occupied in the stide of graye paper for the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath store ynough for

as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men who love theyr natyon as they shoulde do."

Passing this melancholy topic, the author enters into the monastic library in its palmy days, and gives a description of the armarian or librarian, and his duties. These did not differ from those of a similar officer at the present day. The following passage is curious:—

"There is one circumstance connected with the affairs of the library quite characteristic of monkish superstition, and bearing painful testimony to their mistaken ideas of what constituted 'good works.' In Martene's book there is a chapter, *De Scientia et Signis*—degrading and sad; there is something withal curious to be found in it. After enjoining the most scrupulous silence in the church, in the refectory, in the cloister, and in the dormitory, at all times, and in all seasons; transforming those men into perpetual mutes, and even when 'actually necessary,' permitting only a whisper to be articulated 'in a low voice in the ear,' *submissa voce in aure*, it then proceeds to describe a series of fantastic grimaces which the monks were to perform on applying to the armarian for books. The general sign for a book, *generali signi libri*, was to 'extend the hand and make a movement as if turning over the leaves of a book.' For a missal the monk was to make a similar movement with a sign of the cross; for the gospels the sign of the cross on the forehead; for an antiphon or book of responses he was to strike the thumb and little finger of the other hand together; for a book of offices or gradale to make the sign of a cross and kiss the fingers; for a tract lay the hand on the abdomen and apply the other hand to the mouth; for a capitulary make the general sign and extend the clasped hands to heaven; for a psalter place the hands upon the head in the form of a crown, such as the king is wont to wear. Religious intolerance was rampant when this rule was framed—hot and rancorous denunciation was lavished with amazing prodigality against works of loose morality or heathen origin, nor did the monks feel much compassion—although they loved to read them—for the old authors of antiquity. Pagans they were, and therefore fit only to be named as infidels and dogs, so the monk was directed for a secular book, 'which some pagan wrote after making the general sign to scratch his ear with his hand, just as a dog itching would do with his feet, because infidels are not unjustly compared to such creatures—*quia nec immerito infideles tali animanti comparantur*. Wretched bigotry and puny malice!"

From the librarian we pass to the Scriptoria and the Scribes, by whose labors many of the works of antiquity have been preserved to us. Great precautions were taken that their transcripts should be accurate, particularly those of the Holy Scriptures, which were only intrusted to monks of mature years, and after their completion, read and subjected to minute revision. Hence very few errors or omissions have been found in these MSS. The Scribes were superintended by the abbot, who appointed their hours of labor. They were furnished with the requisite materials by the armarian, and their labors were prosecuted without interruption, and in perfect silence. In some monasteries the transcription of books was carried on as a business, and large additions derived in this manner to the revenues of the institutions. Donations and bequests were also made by laymen of literary taste for the support of the Scriptorium—*ad faciendos et emendandos libros*.

The transcription of manuscripts was mostly confined to the different monastic bodies, who sold or exchanged their copies with one another, but there were also secular copyists, and

in the year 1170 we find the bookselling mentioned as a regular avocation in the city of Paris by Peter de Blois. The increasing demand for books (for it must be remembered in those ages, however dark and rude they may appear judged by our modern standards, the universities numbered their students by thousands), and the high prices necessarily placed upon them, gave rise to a scheme which most persons, we imagine, have regarded as a modern innovation. We mean the Circulating Library.

The author gives an account of the various monastic libraries of England, with catalogues, still extant, of the volumes they contained. Through these we have no time to follow him, but the lover of Old Books, who will possess himself of this moderate-sized, unpretending volume, will find many a pleasant anecdote and curious fact in the pages of the narrative.

The *Philadelphia Medical News* states that the Cholera cost London £200,000, with an annual cost for some years of £15,000 to £20,000 for the maintenance of widows and orphans.

M. Du Couret has given to the French Academy of Sciences a description of a race of negroes in Central Africa, which he considers to be intermediate between the human species and the monkey. The chief peculiarity consists in the prolongation of the os coccygis in both sexes, into a tail of three or four inches in length; in the organization of the cranium; their large mouth, pendulous ears, and long arms. They closely resemble the higher classes of Simie, but their possession of language incontrovertibly settles their human origin.

A Brief Sketch of the Life, Character, and Writings of William Charles Wells, M.D., F.R.S. An Address delivered before the Louisville Medical Society. By Elisha Bartlett, M.D., Professor in the University of Louisville, Ky.

This address was delivered with the design of showing by biography the pleasures and benefits which a practical physician might derive by cultivating tastes and studies not immediately connected with his own occupation. There is need enough for such an address, for the tendency of the medical profession is too exclusive, so much so that their abilities are judged by the fact, that while appearing to be tolerable sensible men, they are totally ignorant of everything with which the community are acquainted, and therefore, as they know nothing else, they must understand their own profession.

Dr. Wells died in London in 1817, and had during a short life passed through many vicissitudes. "The work which has given him his chief scientific celebrity—which has written his name in the fair annals of science, beyond the reach of accident or time—is his *Essay on Dew*. A late brilliant writer quotes the concluding lines of W. Savage Landor:—

"Pleased it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

And then makes the following remarks:—"These are the far famed lines on a shell, which Wordsworth has imitated and everybody praised, and which, if they will not immortalize the name of Landor, nor embalm the poem of Gebir, in which they occur, have assuredly immortalized and embalmed themselves. And never in remotest time shall any one who has once heard or read them, gaze into the white depths of the child of the ocean, or apply his ear to its polished coolness, and

hear or seem to hear the far off murmur of the main, without imagining that these are the words which the gentle oracle is uttering, and this the nursery of the spiritual and mysterious music. They are among those rare lines which, giving to a common thought or belief an expression, poetic, and ideally perfect, stamp themselves at once in the heart and memory of the world. *Enviably the powers which by one true and strong line render oblivion impossible!*" And analogous, at least, to these instances, is the character and the history of the *Essay on Dew*. Certainly it would be extravagant to place the *Essay* of Dr. Wells in the same rank with the *Principia*, or to compare his discoveries with those of Galileo, or Harvey, or Jenner; but among the works which come next to the transcendent achievements of the human intellect, there is no one which has attained, as there is no one which deserves, a more eminent position.

Philadelphia Medical Examiner, January, contains its usual amount of interesting articles.

A Treatise on the Etiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Congenital Dislocation of the Head of the Femur. Illustrated with plates. By John Murray Carnochan, M.D. (S. S. & W. Wood, N.Y.) Typographically, this is one of the most beautiful works that has emanated from the medical press of this country. The plates, drawn from nature, are well finished, and are very creditable to our draughtsman. The work itself treats of one of the forms of congenital deformity, the cause of which is unknown, and the cure doubtful. The work fills a gap in the medical library which has long been void, and the practitioner will gladly welcome its accession. The author has collected the straggling articles upon the subject from the various magazines into which they had been dropped, and from this and his own enlarged observation, has thrown more light upon this dark topic. We are so much pleased with the clearness of his views in the general, that we will seek for them in the particular "when the time of need comes along."

The Government and the Currency. New Edition, with alterations. By Henry Middleton. New York: Charles B. Norton, 71 Chambers street. This, as the title imports, is an inquiry into the duties incumbent on the law-making power in reference to the currency and the regulation of banks of issue and deposit. The ground is taken that issues below fifty dollars should be restrained by law, and that a specie currency below that limit would be cheaper than is generally supposed, and would check greatly fluctuations in the amount of the issues of bills and the consequent revulsions in trade.

The writer is of opinion besides, that to afford adequate security to the bill-holders, each and every stockholder and director should be answerable to the extent of his private fortune for the debts and obligations of the bank. In this way perfect protection would be afforded to the public, and the system of allowing unscrupulous or unprincipled men to wield for private ends the power of a large monied corporation, the stock of which is held for the most part by a large number in comparatively small sums, would be broken up. The Scotch plan of banking is held up as a model of safe and correct trade in money.

Messrs. CARTER have published a new edition of the well-known *Diary of Religious Meditations*, entitled *Bogatsky's Golden Treas-*

ury; also, in a neat pocket volume, a *Life of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich*, by James Hamilton, originally prepared as a biographical preface to Hall's *Contemplations*—a life and a man worth studying.

H. S. PARSONS & Co. (Hartford) have issued a new volume by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, *Poems of the Sea*, the result of personal observation by the author, and designed as a companion for the fore-castle, "brightening the memory of home and its loved ones, and the hope of that better home, where no storm shall drive the bark astray, or divide the true-hearted." The moral tone is preserved throughout. There are a number of appropriate woodcut illustrations, the designs of W. R. Lawrence, a young artist of Hartford. The same publishers have also the *Whisper to a Bride*, by Mrs. Sigourney, a series of affectionate counsels in several prose sketches, inclosed in a chaste silk binding of gold and white.

MURPHY (Baltimore), in an elegantly bound little volume, publishes *The Manual of the American Catholic*, including the service of the Mass, in the Spanish language, with numerous steel and wood engravings; a work compiled with the approbation of the Bishop of Baltimore, and well designed to meet the wants of a portion of our foreign population.

APPLETON & Co. have issued the *Second Part of the Drawing Lessons of F. N. Otis*, containing sixteen easy lessons in landscape.

ACTUALITIES OF THE LONDON DAILY NEWS-PAPER.

[From the Atlas.]

Few people, as they unfold the mass of intelligence which lies upon their breakfast table, are in the least aware of the practical mode in which that indulgence is procured, condensed, and put into its actual shape. Few reflect that the matter contained in a single paper is equal to that of more than one goodly octavo volume; yet that, on the average, it has been composed and printed in a single day. The number of persons employed in furnishing the writing for a moderate daily journal is upwards of one hundred. The number of persons employed in printing and distributing it will amount to one hundred likewise. Besides this, the number indirectly employed in furnishing information to those who transmit it directly is enormous. It is probable that the whole number of persons who have in some way or other contributed to the actual possession by a country gentleman of his daily budget of news is not less than three hundred. In fact, the weekly expense of an average paper amounts to six hundred pounds. Of this sum, about half is expended in payments to persons employed in writing or printing its columns. The average gain of such persons is probably about two pounds weekly. This would give a total of one hundred and fifty persons who actually earn enough to live from this source alone. The number of those who obtain from the same source an addition to their other means of living is at least equal.

The actual manner in which the doings of the world are made known in so short a space of time upon the broad sheet of a newspaper deserves a recital. It cannot be without interest to look for an instant into the little world where the great is so ingeniously pounded into atoms and then reshaped and reissued in small type.

During the most bustling hours of the day the newspaper offices are in utter solitude. While the most active business is going on around, you mount the well-worn stairs and encounter a sleepy porter, probably with a mug

of ale before him, who has scarcely energy left to answer your questions. About the room lie a few fragments of last night's work, scattered notices, slips from printed papers, a piece of manuscript which turns out to be part of a continental dispatch, hailed on its arrival as the greatest of treasures. The very chairs seem to have an air of lassitude; the signs of hurry and intense work, visible on all sides, contrast so strongly with the quietude of the moment. Some piece of news arriving at midday, and demanding a second edition of the paper, breaks through this quietude occasionally, but not often in ordinary times.

About two o'clock the massive street-door begins to swing backwards and forwards; the porters have returned from dinner and are now wide awake, the last relics of preceding labors are gone, and all is as fresh as if they never existed. It is a peculiar characteristic of a newspaper, that the business of one day stands apart and entire, unconnected almost or altogether with the business of the future or the preceding. It is like commencing a new life; ideas, subjects, circumstances seem to have changed; things of the utmost importance a few hours ago are now utterly valueless; and what only the last night occupied all the thoughts and energies of the mind become so dim in the next as almost to fade from recollection.

One or two of the principals have mounted the staircase. The editor is now in his room, sometimes with one, or perhaps more of the managing proprietors at his side, if the proprietors for the time being happen to interest themselves in editorial questions. One by one the writers of the leading articles make their appearance. The papers of the day and all his letters are before the editor, together with such information on political matters as may have reached the office from private sources. All the topics of interest are discussed, from the pacification of Europe to the building of a public washhouse. Each man states his views, and receives instructions as to the nature, intent, and quality of his future article. At this time ideas are started or measures suggested which may perchance exercise a vital influence on the fortunes of the world. Then a message is despatched to some absent contributor, a good man perchance for a piquant and spirited satire, or a man possessed of full information on some heavy subject. Slips from printed papers now in preparation are promised him, and he is requested to have his article ready, if on light matters, probably the same evening; if the matters require consideration, at the earliest possible day. Meanwhile, perhaps a man in communication with the Government, with a great Parliamentary party, or with some important public body, has arrived. He is ushered into the private room, and one of the editorial staff receives instructions to take a very decided view of some question hitherto, perhaps, overlooked altogether. A feeler is wanted, or some national prejudice is to be combated. At these hours sometimes is summoned a still more important meeting as regards the paper itself. The general line of politics to be adopted, or some alteration in the line adopted hitherto, is discussed and decided; with various other matters, some of them known to the public by very disagreeable names.

The council then turn their attention to sundry questions of management and finance. The manner in which the foreign expenses are to be arranged and paid for, the propriety of sending a reporter to the theatre of important events then passing, the establishment of cor-

respondence with a new country: these, and many other subjects of the same kind, pass under review. At one time the proceedings respecting expresses and foreign intelligence generally were of vital importance to the papers; now the transmission of news by railroads has placed the matter in a great measure out of the hands of the managers; the steam-engine is not to be influenced like a postboy. The excitement, too, once so rife respecting the early receipt of news from India is cooled down; the papers found that rivalry was very useless and very expensive, and they coalesced in consequence.

By this time the sub-editor is in his room, and has made a few arrangements respecting the evening's news. We have said that the previous paper was already almost forgotten. This is not quite the case; it has been scanned in the morning by the editor, or one of the proprietors, and sundry faults or omissions noticed, for which the sub-editor has to answer. This seldom occurs in a well-ordered establishment, and when it does happen the rebuke administered is usually of the mildest kind. All the superintendents of the concern know the importance of keeping their people in good temper. At the same time a variety of suggestions are considered respecting matters of detail under the sub-editor's superintendence, literary notices, information on movements of interest in the various departments of art or science, and the multitude of topics which the thousand under-currents of society are constantly bringing to its surface.

These important matters over, the management proceed, if necessary, to make engagements. In an adjoining room is waiting a trembling tyro from the provinces, with some strong recommendation from the editor of a provincial newspaper—a reporter or critic upon trial, or some candidate for editorial honours. Here many a man, who has afterwards made a name for himself in the highest department of literature, has quailed before the questions of a rude man of the world, with whom the pure business of writing was of far more importance than style or dignity. A writer fit for better things may be at once discarded for want of tact. But, in general, the engagements are made with great care, and few candidates possessed of real superiority in any department useful to a newspaper fail, sooner or later, to attain a position of comfort and competence.

On stated days the proprietors, at this hour, take the accounts of the paper into consideration. The bills of the penny-a-liners are then settled—and curious bills they are—paid for the most heterogeneous mass of matter the world ever saw. We know nothing more strange than a collection of the sundries supplied to a newspaper: the fate of the Niger expedition jostles a sudden death in Bermondsey, accounts of natural productions, coroners' inquests, movements of some notorious personage, arrival of an enormous melon, invention of a new locomotive engine which is to change the whole system of travelling, a new mode of preparing india-rubber, or a spring for a hat: all these, and a thousand such things, form the jumble of which the lines are reckoned and paid for at the rate of three-halfpence a-piece.

At half-past four the afternoon's business is over. For the next two or three hours everything is quiet again, except that some of the printers are at work, not very busily, and sundry packets and messages are arriving at intervals. There is all around the sort of whispering preparation for action which precedes a storm.

The evening's active business is opened by the arrival of the assistant sub-editor, at about eight o'clock. On his table are placed the law and police reports, shipping and commercial intelligence, and the accidents and incidents of the day. These things are mostly written on what is called "flimsy," a thin paper, on which several copies are taken at a time; for a similar report is sent to each newspaper. Much of this intelligence gives but little trouble in preparing: what comes from known and recognised persons is delivered to the printer with little alteration. But the reports of sundry criminal matters, accidents, offences, and other similar occurrences are very troublesome. The persons who write them are usually chance contributors, whose object is to make their accounts as long as possible. In consequence, it is always necessary to shorten them. The amount of eloquence, pathos, and fine writing of all sorts which is daily lost to the world from these sources through the merciless scissors of sub-editors is quite wonderful. Reporters of this stamp cannot repress their taste for the sublime, although the same taste stands very often in the way of their interest, as their reports run thereby the risk of being rejected altogether.

Geology of Australia.

[From the North American Review for Jan.]

A FAVORITE theory for explaining the flatness, the barrenness, and the salt pools of the vast regions which stretch from the western slope of the Blue Mountains and Australian Alps to the eastern declivities of the Stanley range of hills beyond the river Darling, has been its recent rise from the ocean. According to this view, the fertile lands along the eastern coast were not long since (in a geological estimate of long and short) bounded on the west by a bay or gulf, which stretched from the neighborhood of Adelaide, along the course of the Darling, to the region beyond the marshes of the Lachlan and Macquarie, where those rivers make a descent of 1,800 feet in from one to two hundred miles. As the whole continent rose above the ocean level, the bottom of this vast gulf became that plain which is now alternately flooded and scorched to dust. Hence its barren character, for as yet the influence of the ocean salt is felt, and only salsolaceous plants grow plentifully; and time has not yet brought from the uplands that vegetable mould which is essential to fertility; indeed, the uplands have not much to spare, for the evergreens that cover them afford but a short supply of leaves, and those fall so gradually as to lose most of their enriching virtues from the absence of a proper fermentation. When, in addition to this ocean origin of the interior, its flatness, the imperfect formation of its river channels, the absence of vegetable mould, and the frequent droughts, we consider the denuding effects of the floods which from time to time sweep portions of it,—its want of fertility is explained. But, according to this view, nature by these very floods is preparing these plains for the habitation of man; she is deepening the river channels, is manuring the soil, is changing the worthless ocean bed into a land fit for cultivation. Such, very briefly stated, is the view (as we understand it) of Sturt, of Mitchell, of McCulloch, and others.

Another theory, and one to our mind far better supported by facts, is ably stated, though in a somewhat scattered form, by Strzelecki, who has done more to make New South Wales and Tasmania scientifically in-

telligible than all other inquirers. He has done so much, indeed, that before speaking of his views in relation to the subject before us, we must say a few words of the Count himself. He is a Pole, exiled, or self-exiled probably, because he would not renounce that nationality which he estimates so well. For twelve years previous to 1845, he was engaged in wandering through North and South America, the West Indies, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, New South Wales, Van Diemen's land, the islands near Java, China, Hindostan, Egypt, and Europe. That he did not fail to use his eyes, his ears, and his mind, during these varied travels, is amply proved by the work before us, and by the extracts from his unpublished journals, which he here and there gives by way of illustration. If these are fair specimens of his manuscripts, no traveller since Humboldt (if "since" is applicable to that wonderful man) so well deserves to have his writings published and illustrated at large.

Strzelecki's view of New South Wales,—for of New Holland as a whole no sane man would say anything in our present state of ignorance,—is this: the geology, or rather the mineral character, of the rocks which prevail determines the vegetation, the temperature, the moisture, and the fertility of that strange land, whose lightnings even are so often thunderless.

The rocks of New South Wales are excessively silicious; the proportion of those containing more than sixty per cent. of silex to those containing less being as four to one; and so far as the country west of the Blue Mountains is known, this flinty formation almost universally prevails. Now the soil formed by the disintegration of such rocks is very unfavorable to vegetation, and especially to that kind of vegetation which causes the earth readily to imbibe moisture from the air, and slowly to part with it; in other words, such a soil, independent of rains, will always be dry, and rains will always run through it, or be shed by its surface. In addition to this, it is found that the silicious soils absorb solar heat, but do not retain it after the sun has passed away, a circumstance uniformly connected with non-productiveness. The amount of rain which falls in Australia was, for the years 1838 to 1842, both included, more than double that which falls in London; while the evaporation was not one third more. It is not, therefore, a dry climate. Neither is it a hot one, upon the whole; an average of three years does not show a summer heat above 90°, or an annual mean above 68°. The peculiar character of New South Wales, in short, is not to be traced to its climate, or its rains, although they fall unequally and often in torrents, so much as to its peculiar soil growing out of the minerals which compose the mass of its rocks. If this view be correct, nature must not be left to turn the Macquarie into a Nile, but wise irrigation and wise planting must cure what nature cannot; and, after all, the time may never come when the valley of the Darling and its tributaries can be other than a thinly peopled, pastoral land.

In reference to the aborigines of Australia, who are decreasing with truly frightful rapidity, Strzelecki states, as a fact based upon very extensive and varied observation among the natives of America, the South Sea Islanders, and Australians, that, by a law of nature, the aboriginal female, after having once borne children to a European, is barren to men of her own race. In addition to this cause of decrease, the prevalence among the

New Hollanders of the most poisonous complaints, as attested by Sturt and others, may be mentioned. Nor is there in the Australian nearly as much as in the Iroquois, the Delaware, the Huron, and the Black-foot, to make us regret this God-directed—for such it seems to be,—wasting away. Civilization and Christianity seem even less adapted to him than to our own red man. The British government, and especially the colony of South Australia, have favored the natives as far as the white man in this century can be expected to favor the brown. But it is all in vain. The New Hollander is not wanting in intelligence or good feeling. He is kind, forbearing, not devoid of ingenuity, not unworthy of sympathy; but he can no more live where the Anglo-Saxon once plants his foot, than his aboriginal weeds can where the plough, and harrow, and hoe are at their mission. The negro has a permanence; he fits into the white, and in one relation or another, the two can and do live together. But the North American Indian and the Australian fill no crevice in the absorbing nature of the Caucasian; they cannot be slaves, they cannot be equals, of course they cannot be masters; and so, while might practically makes right, they die, or their race is lost by admixture with the race of their conquerors. It is not now, indeed, a question of right, but a question of fact; and before it can be made a question of right in practice, the sufferers will be gone from earth.

Magasiniana.

The Two Worlds.

THIS new journal, conducted by Messrs. Bailey and Wallace, is an elegantly printed sheet, somewhat of the appearance of the favorite "Old Mirror." It is well supported by the articles of its editors, and has a strong reinforcement of tales, sketches, &c., for the general reader. There are two poems by Mr. Wallace, and an interesting paper from the pen of Mr. Bailey, on the present state of Hayti.

EMPEROR SOULUQUE.

"Souluque was by birth a mountaineer. He belonged to the very blackest of his race. In stature he is beyond the middle height, with broad shoulders and a compact and powerful frame, and with all his assumed blandishment of manner, there is a stern and savage temper in his expression seen beneath it. Though fierce in temper he was ever cool and collected in the hour of danger, and always prompt and energetic in action. His features are rather European, and his head quite bald. He has some dignity at times, and somewhat of a military bearing. He is famed for his admirable horsemanship, and so conscious is he of this that he is never seen in public on foot. One remarkable peculiarity about him is that he seems to be formed without a neck, and his head rests as it were on his shoulders, without the intervention of that necessary appendage. This is rather a drawback to the imperial presence. But his sable-half,—the sharer of his dignities, is by no means of the same abnormal proportions. She has a neck which, if it does not rival the swan's in all respects, sits gracefully and at full length upon rounded shoulders that have no slight stamp of royalty. With a bright and rather expressive face, marked with the characteristic features of her race, she has as neat and trim a little figure as any of her compeers in the imperial drawing-room. She is affable and condescending, and a little brusque in manner, which may be pardoned in a Haytian queen. She is a very exemplary wife after the Haytian fashion, and it is said, but we vouch not for its truth, adroitly keeps her sovereign lord in most admirable order."

Holden's Dollar Magazine

Has much clever writing of the offhand, snappish, suggestive order, in its literary department. The following is well said, if it be not taken as encouragement to the small egotists to thrust their littleness in the face of the public—of which we have something too much already.

"RED-HEADED BROWN."

"There is nothing more natural in authorship than for a beginner to be afraid of himself in his first essay, and try to remain in the background of his own production. But the only way to gain the attention of the world is to follow the Hibernian's advice to a bad orator, and come out from behind your nose and speak in your natural voice. Mr. Cooper, in his first novel, put on the disguise of an Englishman, and nobody heeded him; but, in his next essay, he showed his hand, and at once became famous. The two most popular writers among us, just now, are Melville and Headley; and much of their success is undoubtedly owing to the perfect fearlessness with which they thrust themselves bodily before their countrymen. The heaven of popular favor is only to be taken by storm. Emerson has startled the world by his Emersonisms, and not by his Carlyleisms, as many suppose, for he is as little like Carlyle as possible; John Neal, at one time, made a splurge on the surface of society simply by being John Neal; while thousands of much superior men have never been heard of simply because they tried to be unlike themselves. Is it not a most absurd thing to expect that the world will take notice of you when you won't even take notice of yourself? The 'infinite I,' it should be borne in mind by those who wish to be worshipped, is the first element of an idol. Be true to yourself and the world will be true to you; don't be afraid of your idiosyncrasies sticking out; it is better that they should than that you should pass for a hybrid. If your cheeks are pale don't rouge them, your pallor is your own, and you should be content to be known by it; if your hair is red, let it be red; to be called red-headed Brown or Smith will distinguish you from other Browns and Smiths."

Blackwood for January.

Scott & Co.'s republication has been issued in advance of the arrival of the English edition. The Peninsular Medal is continued, and there is a readable American article on Parkman, Wise, and Johnson's books on the Pacific and California. This is the writer's impression of

LIEUTENANT WISE.

"But we must return to our friend and favorite, Lieutenant Wise, who is truly a Yankee Crichton in a pea-jacket. Besides his nautical skill, and the lingual accomplishments already adverted to, he is a Nimrod in the hunting-field, a Centaur on horseback, a Vestris in the mazes of the dance. Lovers of wild sports in the West will luxuriate in his descriptions of hunting exploits, of his combats with grizzly bears fourteen hundred pounds' weight, and his chase of an antelope whose fore-leg he had nearly severed from its shoulder with a rifle bullet, but which still managed to run four leagues, the wounded member 'traversing round in its flight like a wheel,' before receiving its death-wound. Unable to extract a tithe of the passages that tempt us, we hurry on to his departure for the Mexican capital, whither he was sent early in the month of May, as bearer of a despatch, and in company with a Mexican officer, with whom the lieutenant was at first disposed to be most friendly and sociable, but who forfeited his esteem by the cool proposal of a plan to cheat the government, and whom he soon managed to leave behind—no difficult matter, for the Mexican was cumbered with portmanteau and sumpter mule, whereas the Yankee's sole baggage, as he himself informs us, consisted of two shirts and a tooth-

brush. Thus lightly equipped, his pace was very rapid; not so much so, however, as to prevent his noting down all that occurred by the way. After La Barea and Ruxton, it is a difficult task to give novelty to an account of Mexican travel and peculiarities. Mr. Wise has surmounted the difficulty; and so great is the freshness and originality of his narrative, that we read it with as much zest and enjoyment as if it were the first instead of the twentieth book relating to Mexico which we have perused within the last few years. His anecdotes are most racy and piquant; his sketches of Mexican women, officers, *leperos*, and of his own countrymen in Mexico, are taken from the life with a truthful and vivid pencil. With the class of *leperos* he had already made acquaintance on the threshold of the country. Turning one day into a bowling-alley at Mazatlan, with the officers of a British frigate, he gave a fine horse to hold to one of those Mexican mendicants. The fellow's hatred of the *gringos* was stronger than his love of gain; for no sooner was he left alone than he drew a pistol from the holsters, shot the horse, and ran for his life, which certainly would not have been worth a maravedi had he tarried for the arrival of the enraged lieutenant. 'Oh, Mr. Smithers!' exclaimed the disconsolate mariner thus cruelly dismounted—'Oh, Mr. Smithers! you keep a good ten-pin alley, sing a good song, and your wife prepares good chocolate; you are, together, good fellows; but you should never, O Smithers! transform your establishment into a knacker's yard. And you, my cruel *lepero*! had I ever got a sight of you along that weapon you handled so well—ah! I well-nigh wept for sorrow that night, and did not recover my spirits for a fortnight.' The *leperos*, we need hardly explain, are the pest of Mexico—ragged, dirty, often disgusting with disease and deformity, born idlers, beggars, and thieves—in the latter capacity so especially skilful, that Mr. Wise inclines to the belief that a man, standing open-mouthed in a crowd of them, could hardly escape having the gold picked from his molars. They reaped a rich harvest at the time of the American invasion. It was a case of '*nos amis les ennemis*.' The conquerors were preyed upon by the conquered. Iron bars were unavailing against the cunning rogues. 'One evening some expert practitioner contrived to entice a valuable pair of pistols, clothing, and other articles, from my table in the centre of a large apartment, by introducing a pole and hook through the iron grille of the window; and the same night my friend Molinera was robbed of his bed-clothes, while sleeping, by the same enterprising method.'

"Surely there never was a jollier fellow than Lieutenant Wise of the United States navy. A rare good companion he must be, a '*real bonus socius*,' across a julep, a very storehouse of fun, frolic, and adventure. So well do we like his society, that we are only sorry we cannot at present accompany him further on his rambles, or return with him to Mazatlan, where he arrived at a flying gallop, after a ride of 2500 miles on horseback—the last 112 leagues in fifty-three hours (said to be the quickest trip on record), to be received by a host of friends, and by a Yankee band playing, 'Hail Columbia!' and sail with him to Polynesia, and revisit Valparaiso and Lima, and many other places, in all of which he manages heartily to amuse both himself and his reader, till he finally drops anchor in the waters of the Chesapeake, arriving, with equal satisfaction to both parties, at the end of 450 pages, and 55,000 miles."

David Copperfield.

No. IX. is one of the best numbers of this serial, in which Dickens sustains fully his old reputation. We have had nothing better than Micawber since Pickwick. The ease and nature with which this character is sustained conceal the invention. He is ever fresh, salient, elastic. Dickens seems most at home in the

heart of one of these long stories. There are a dozen scenes in this single number which no other novelist of the day could reach. The by-play of the milkman in the Camden Town street is a bit of Hogarth, Mrs. Crupp is as good as Smollet, and the Waterbrook dinner worthy of Theodore Hook.

BLOOD ARISTOCRACY.

"'Oh! There is nothing,' observed Hamlet's aunt, 'so satisfactory to one! There is nothing that is so much one's *beau-ideal* of—all that sort of thing, speaking generally. There are some low minds (not many, I am happy to believe, but there are some) that would prefer to do what I should call bow down before idols. Positively Idols! Before services, intellect, and so on. But these are intangible points. Blood is not so. We see Blood in a nose, and we know it. We meet with it in a chin, and we say, 'There it is! That's Blood!' It is an actual matter of fact. We point it out. It admits of no doobt.'

"The simpering fellow with the weak legs, who had taken Agnes down, stated the question more decisively yet, I thought.

"'Oh, you know, deuce take it,' said this gentleman, looking round the board with an imbecile smile, 'we can't forego Blood, you know. We must have blood, you know. Some young fellows, you know, may be a little behind their station, perhaps, in point of education and behavior, and may go a little wrong, you know, and get themselves and other people into a variety of fixes—and all that—but deuce take it, it's delightful to reflect that they've got blood in 'em! Myself, I'd rather at any time be knocked down by a man who had got Blood in him, than I'd be picked up by a man who hadn't.'"

A LEGAL SKETCH—DOCTORS' COMMONS.

"What was to be particularly admired (he said) in the Commons, was its compactness. It was the most conveniently organized place in the world. It was the complete idea of snugness. It lay in a nut-shell. For example: You brought a divorce case, or a restitution case, into the Consistory. Very good. You tried it in the Consistory. You made a quiet little round game of it, among a family group, and you played it out at leisure. Suppose you were not satisfied with the Consistory, what did you do then? Why, you went into the Arches. What was the Arches? The same court, in the same room, with the same bar, and the same practitioners, but another judge, for there the Consistory judge could plead any court-day as an advocate. Well, you played your round game out again. Still you were not satisfied. Very good. What did you do then? Why, you went to the Delegates. Who were the Delegates? Why, the Ecclesiastical Delegates were the advocates without any business, who had looked on at the round game when it was playing in both courts, and had seen the cards shuffled, and cut, and played, and had talked to all the players about it, and now came fresh, as judges, to settle the matter to the satisfaction of everybody! Discontented people might talk of corruption in the Commons, closeness in the Commons, and the necessity of reforming the Commons, said Mr. Spenslow solemnly, in conclusion; but when the price of wheat per bushel had been highest, the Commons had been busiest; and a man might lay his hand upon his heart, and say this to the whole world,—'Touch the Commons, and down comes the country!'"

SIGNS OF LOVE.

"'Sir,' said Mrs. Crupp, in a tone approaching to severity, 'I've laundressed other young gentlemen besides yourself. A young gentleman may be over-careful of himself, or he may be under-careful of himself. He may brush his hair too regular, or too irregular. He may wear his boots much too large for him, or much too small. That is according as the young gentleman has his original character formed. But let him go to which extreme he may, sir, there's a young lady in both of 'em.'"

THE HORSE RADISH ENTHUSIAST.

WHEN we were first told that there was a man in this city who had devoted himself to the interests of the humble though high-flavored plant known as the Horse-Radish; that he believed in it; had studied its qualities, and had given his life, from earliest youth, to its culture and circulation, we were, we confess, entirely incredulous. We had never seen the man, and had some reasonable doubts of his existence. We made diligent inquiry for his whereabouts, and were told that he kept his stronghold and headquarters somewhere on the East River. Struck by the strangeness of the character described to us, and determined to settle, once for all, the question of his existence or non-existence, we resolved on a pilgrimage of discovery in that remote section of the metropolis. Selecting a sunshiny morning, and appropriating to ourselves a seat in a Dry Dock stage, which would carry us, we were told, somewhere in that vicinity, we set out full of hopes and doubts as to the result of our venture. In a half-hour's ride and a walk of a quarter more, we found ourselves in the front of a building, ornamented with a painting at full length of a gallant sailor with hat in hand—supporting a banner spread to the breeze—inscribed "A little more Horse-Radish—Captain Post"—and underneath in broad, unmistakable capitals "Our Motto—Rough and Ready—our Country, Horse-Radish and Liberty." Of course our curiosity was not a little aggravated to get a view of the man, who could thus, in a broad expansive spirit, identify the diffusion of Horse-Radish with free institutions and the welfare of his native land. Besides the main picture we found a flag with similar devices flying from every window and loop-hole of the house; and in the open door of the main hall we espied a fourteen-pound gun planted with a point blank range towards the entrance. "This man," we said to ourselves, "certainly sets a high value upon the plant he has taken under his protection, since he appears to be prepared to defend it at the hazard of his life." On the proper inquiry we were ushered into a large back room, and, as we found, into the presence of CAPTAIN POST himself, whom we discerned in the centre of a great swarm of small bottles with sealed tops, and holding in his hand an enormous root of the species of the Radish in which he deals. CAPTAIN POST, to our pleased surprise, addressed us in the most affable and familiar manner, and, from the first moment of our introduction to him, treated us as a friend and equal. There was a glow of satisfaction on his countenance, which was explained when we learned, that the root, he then had in his hand, was known to be the largest ever grown in America, and that it had been raised directly under his own eye. CAPTAIN POST, in person, is of small build, about the mould of the late Emperor of France, Napoleon Bonaparte, and has a good deal of the quickness of eye and vivacity of countenance which distinguished that eminent general.

He has also, in his movements, a good deal of the rapidity and decision of character which marked Napoleon, often getting a couple of dozen of the grated radish into bottles before breakfast; and dispatching ten or twenty dozen to the down-town hotels in the course of the day. He takes a great interest, as might be perhaps expected, in our chief public-houses, and speaks of the Astor House, American Hotel, and others of the larger ordinaries, as one who wishes them well. That he does is shown in the fact that he furnishes them

constantly with horse-radish (a hundred small bottles apiece per week) at a reasonable advance on the manufacturing prices. In his domestic circle CAPTAIN POST, and in all the intercourse of private life, is much more amiable and gentle of deportment than we could hope to find one who spent the better part of his time—his most laborious and thoughtful hours—in the preparation and bottling of so stimulating an article of diet. He is about thirty-five years of age, and has a long life of public usefulness before him. When we consider closely the nature of his business, we will learn how much he has to do with our dearest interests. "For," as he properly says, "this yer city of York—would be sure to go to sleep if I didn't prick it up with the grated radish, reg'larly."

There is no doubt that something—if not a great deal—of the extraordinary activity of our citizens in business, which has made them famous all the world over, is ascribable to the piquant and lively qualities of CAPTAIN POST's admirable preparation. It is regarded by persons who have given attention to the subject as decidedly the liveliest and most wholesome horse-radish which comes into the market. As CAPTAIN POST is constantly visited by great numbers of strangers from all parts of the country, curious to see a man who has imparted so extraordinary a celebrity and interest to what many have regarded as a very humble esculent, a mere weed, we may mention definitely, that he is to be found at the corner of Avenue C and Sixth street—most at leisure at about three in the afternoon (when the main bottling for the day is through with), and that persons arriving in carriages will find it to their convenience to set down with the horses' heads towards the new reservoir of the Gas Company at the foot of the street.—*Mr. Pinfeather in the Weekly Review.*

"POOR RICHARD" APHORISMS.

"Not only lying lips, but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. The man who neglects to control his appetites is to himself what a state of barbarism is to society,—the brutish part predominates. He is to himself what Nicholas is to Hungary. Men buy pains, and the purveyor and market-man bring home disease. Our pious ancestors used to bury the suicide where four roads meet; yet every gentleman or lady who lays the foundation of disease with turtle soup or lobster-salad, as really commits suicide as if he used the rope or the pistol; and were the old law revived, how many, who are now honored with a resting place at Mount Auburn, would be found at the cross roads! Is it not amazing that man, invited to a repast worthy of the gods, should stop to feed on garbage; or when called to partake of the Ciceronian cup, should stop to guzzle with swine! * * * If the devotee of appetite desires its highest gratification, he must not send for Buffalo tongues, but climb a mountain or swing an axe. Without health, there is no delicacy that can provoke an appetite. Whoever destroys his health, turns the most delicious viands into ipecac and aloes. The man that is physically wicked does not live out half his days, and he is not half alive while he does live. However gracious God may be with the heart, he never pardons the stomach."—*Hon. Horace Mann's Address.*

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God. It produces thankfulness, and serves the ends of charity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Original Poetry.

THORWALDSEN'S MERCURY.

1.

In fixed silence stood the sculptor,
Gazing on the breathing stone,
From the chaos of the marble
Into godlike being grown;
But a gloom was on his forehead,
In his eye a drooping glance;
And at last the heavy sorrow
From the lips found utterance.

2.

"Holy Art! thy shapes of beauty
Have I carved, but ne'er before
Reached the perfect and the faultless;
Still beyond my thought would soar,
Still the high, unbound ideal
Sought a new and fairer mould;
In my conquest sinks my genius,
And Thorwaldsen is grown old."

3.

Noble artist! thine the yearning,
Thine the deep, inspiring word,
By the sleepless soul immortal
Evermore in secret heard.
For the earthly is it pleasure
The low, earthly end to gain,
For the seeker of the Perfect
To be satisfied is pain.

4.

Visions of an untold glory
Milton saw in his eclipse;
A lost Paradise to others,
That had no Apocalypse;
Nobler Christs and veiled Madonnas
Painted were on Raphael's soul;
Melodies he could not utter
O'er Beethoven's ear would roll.

5.

Ever floats the dim ideal
Far before the longing eyes,
Ever as we seem to grasp it,
Onward the horizon flies;
Not the brimming cups of wisdom
May the thirsty spirit slake,
And the molten gold in pouring
Doth the mould in pieces break.

6.

Voice within our inmost nature,
Calling deep to answering deep,
Midst life's long and weary labor,
Shalt thou waken us from sleep;
All our joy is in our future,
And our motion is our rest,
Still the True reveals the Truer,
Still the Good foretells the Best.

E. A. W.

Jan., 1850.

BLOSSOMS.

The apple-boughs were white with blossoms,
And 'neath their shade a rosy child was
playing;
His tiny hand with gleeful motion flings
The fallen bloomage, and the light breeze
straying
Amid his ringlets bears the boy's illusion,
The mimic snow-flakes in a gay confusion,
"See!" said the eye-bright child, his cheeks all
glowing,
And casting forth his little handful, "See!" 'tis
snowing!"

But ere the fruit that blossoms sweet betoken
Blushed in the sun, to ripe perfection rounded,
Life's golden bud was at the fountain broken.
And Sabbath bells his funeral note had sounded.
When orchard flowers another spring had given,
That fair child dwelt with his dear God, in
heaven.

C. F. STERLING.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

[All are familiar with a free translation (quoted in D'Aubigné's Reformation) of two stanzas (or rather of one stanza into two), from Luther's Hymn on the two monks who were burnt at Brussels in 1523, beginning:—

"Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched
And gathered at the last."

The English lines are somewhat grand, but they are rather a paraphrase than a translation. I have very faithfully imitated the metre of the original, at the same time endeavoring to translate the thoughts and transuse the spirit, in the following rendering of the stanza referred to, and of one other, the first in the piece.]

With a new song our voices ring,
To tell the wondrous story,
What God hath done, our God and King,
And sing his praise and glory.
At Brussels, down in Netherland,
Lord of all gifts and graces,
He hath revealed His mighty hand
By two young boys, whose faces
Now shine in heavenly places.

[Then after several more stanzas, describing their seizure, trial, and execution, with a certain blunt sublimity, the hymn concludes:—]

Their ashes will not rest—world-wide
They sprinkle every nation.
No cave nor grave—nor tarn, nor tide,
Can bury God's salvation.
They whom the foe with murderous flame
Had thought to hush—up-springing.
Lo! in his ears they shout his shame,
Till every land is ringing
With their triumphant singing.

C. T. B.

ANOTHER "CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE."

I SHOULD be glad, Messrs. Editors, through the medium of your valuable weekly, to get some information or opinion respecting a piece by one Chénedollé, called an "Ode to the Sea," translated on page 482 of Longfellow's European Poetry. The most remarkable thing about the piece, after its intrinsic grandeur, is the fact that it is reproduced, with almost every one of its most marked images, and very phrases in Byron's famous apostrophe to the Ocean in Childe Harold. I should be glad to have you print the translation, if you have room, for the purpose of comparison. Now, as Chénedollé was born in 1770, it would seem that Byron must be the thief, or highway robber, unless the translator has Byronized the Frenchman. If the translation is liberal, I fear it is a parallel case to Coleridge's appropriation of Frederika Brunn's sublime Hymn to Mont Blanc, a process which his nephew so lamely defends. Who is Chénedollé, and can any one produce the original piece?

Yours, C. T. B.

The following is the Poem from Longfellow's Collection, alluded to:—

ODE TO THE SEA.

At length I look on thee again,
Abyss of azure! thou vast main,
Long by my verse implored in vain,
Alone inspired by thee!
The magic of thy sounds alone
Can raise the transports I have known;
My harp is mute, unless its tone
Be waked beside the sea.
The heights of Blanc have fired mine eyes,
Those three bare mounts that touch the skies.
I loved the terror of thy brow,
I loved their diadem of snow,—
But O thou wild and awful sea,
More dear to me,
Thy threatening, drear immensity!
Dread Ocean! burst upon me with thy shores!
Fling wide thy waters where the storms bear sway!

Thy bosom opens to a thousand pores;
Yet fleets with idle daring breast thy spray.
Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,
And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

Man dares not tread thy liquid way;
Thou spurn'st that despot of a day,
Tossed like a snowflake or the spray
From storm-gulls to the skies;
He breathes and reigns on solid land,
And ruin marks his tyrant hand;
Thou bidd'st him in that circle stand,
Thy reign his rage defies;

Or should he force his passage there,
Thou risest, mocking his despair;
The shipwreck humbles all his pride:
He sinks within the darksome tide,—
The surge's vast unfathomed gloom
His catacomb,—
Without a name, without a tomb.

Thy banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne,
The pomp of human things are changed and past;
The people,—they were phantoms,—they are flown;
Time has avenged thee on their strength at last;
The billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,
And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.

Rome—Athens—Carthage—what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations force their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign;
Thou changeest not; thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where liberty hath breathed before,
And slavery hugs his chain.

States bow; Time's sceptre presses still
On Apennine's subsiding hill;
The steps of ages crumbling slow,
Are stamped upon his arid brow;
No trace of time is left on thee,
Unchanging Sea!
Created thus, and still to be.

Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space!
Thy surge two worlds eternal-warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

The Fine Arts.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S Exhibition is working its way steadily into public favor, as one of the accredited fashionable visiting places of the season. The room is one of the best fitted for the purpose in the city, and has the unwonted luxury of appropriate carpeting and furniture. The general effect of the exhibition is most satisfactory. Next week we shall enter at length upon the specialties.

Messrs. Goupil & Vibert have issued a circular containing the conditions under which the pension proposed by them, of \$600 per annum for two years to an American Student in Europe, is to be assigned. The choice is to be made by the National Academy of Design from "Historical or figure painters, native born Americans, who were not over twenty-five years of age on the 31st December, 1849," who shall become competitors by forwarding specimens of their work to Mr. Prudhomme, Curator of the Academy, 661 Broadway, before the 25th March. The name of the artist is not to be on the picture, but contained in a sealed note, which is not to be opened unless in case of success. The picture should not be larger than 36 by 42 inches, and the figures should be at least 12 inches.

Messrs. G. V. & Co. have just issued a fine lithograph, a companion to a previous one from the same artist, of MOUNT'S "Music is Contagious." The character of this Long Island scene is well preserved in the chief figures, and the accessories are handled with effect. It will be a popular print throughout the country.

The first number of a Gallery of Illustrious Americans has appeared in folio, with a fine lithograph of General Taylor, engraved by D'Avignon from a Daguerreotype by Brady, the letter-press by C. Edwards Lester. It is proposed to publish twenty-four numbers within the year, and the selection is to include "the most eminent citizens of the Republic since the death of Washington." The lithograph is finely executed, one of the best specimens of the art yet published in this country. Several of the difficulties of the daguerreotype are successfully overcome, but something of the severity and *cadaver* of that popular but frequently impracticable method of portraiture remains.

FINE ARTS, GALLERIES, EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

NO. I.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

"I told you so;" several years ago, before you established the Art-Union—at least, before you made the admittance free,—I told you, and all the world, that only the free system would make Art a subject of conversation, bring it home to the public mind, and place it within the limits of what the great number of even civilized people could afford, or would afford. I do not insinuate that you have helped yourselves to my thunder, you Art-Union men; I do not suppose you read or heard of the humble articles I published,—as I am not Irving, nor Cooper, nor "Samuel Slick;" but you have taken one of the steps that I suggested; and the result has been, that you have done in a few years more than has been done before or since, by all the means at work, in ten times as many years. The free admittance, I believe, I was the first here to recommend: I did so from the conviction that came upon me in the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Louvre, while I was a frequent and studious visitor in them: but for the lottery system others deserve the whole credit, and very high credit. Indeed, it was unreasonable in me to hope, nor should I have hoped, had I known the deep corruption of our municipal government, that without this system funds enough could be raised to make a gallery worth visiting or talking about.

But—pardon the intimation—much as I approve your labors, I still dream of something more splendid; and as all improvements are in their origin visionary, or accounted so, I will body forth my dream of an ideal institution, in the hope that others will amend it, and that in time a *true* ideal plan may be formed. The rest will follow.

Union is the first principle of strength in matters of this kind, more than in others, excepting military affairs. Your lottery system unites the small means of many individuals, and produces a decided result; a more extended union would add more strength. And this will be formed gradually, by uniting institutions that have grown up separately. The British Museum is a noble example to contemplate, yet an incomplete one, of an institution to enlighten and refine the public mind. Its library, its gallery of statuary, and other antiquities; its print-room, its collection of natural history, all have such a relation to each other that you could not separate them without disadvantage. If the National Gallery were under the same roof it would be more complete. And almost naturally the students of art, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, etc., would be more at home under this roof, which covers the treasures of ancient art, the fragments of sculpture and architecture. And the

government school of design, which is intended to educate those who are to design furniture, utensils, and wearing apparel; which makes pretensions to taste, but too often reminds us of the difference between architecture and carpentry,—this school should not be far separated from the fountain of taste.

But for our own business: the Reed Gallery is flirting with the Academy; something of union will take place. What this gallery is I do not know; it was formed and shut up while I was abroad. The Academy is not what I would wish; and though it may be said that it is but the germ of what it will be, I still think a germ of a different species would have flourished better in this country. But a school of art must exist, if art is to flourish, and that school should be under the roof with the best works of art, for two reasons; first, the students will want to study from the pictures in the gallery, and the public ought to see the casts from the fine antique statues which the academy possesses. In the Academy in Venice, the fine collection of casts, and the unrivalled collection of paintings, are of equal attraction to the visitors. And if time should wear down certain asperities, the Art-Union might find the same gallery a fit place for its pictures.

But before this can take place the public of the city must do something. The free system must be extended to the exhibitions, or they will not be much looked at, or much spoken of. And if this be done funds must come from some source, or there will be small means to pay expenses, much less to obtain a collection worthy of attention.

Were I a landowner in this city, I would petition for an annual appropriation of fifty thousand at least, and I should feel confident that it would increase my rent more than my taxes. Rome owes half its business to its galleries, and other embellishments; and New York would have more strangers to entertain if it could better gratify their tastes. I hope that this truth will some time be perceived, and that men of property will move in this matter. Their own pocket interest would be enhanced by a considerable appropriation, and if their liberality should prompt them to exceed what mere interest might require, so much the better.

The first step towards an efficient union must be the erection of a building, and the maintenance of it at the public expense. If the public should do merely this, it would be a reasonable beginning, and the liberality and enterprise of voluntary associations would fill it with works of art, if not the best, at least such as would possess some power of pleasing. Your association, adhering to its principle of raising money by subscription for the culture of American art, and of distributing by lot what it purchases, would annually place within it some hundreds; and it may be that others would associate and receive subscriptions to purchase some of the best works of foreign schools, or of the Old Masters, to be distributed in the same way. And although I may be speaking a word for myself, I do not think it beneath the dignity of those who will not afford to buy works of Titian or Correggio, to pay some attention to good copies from them. If translations from the best Greek poets be not unworthy of a place among the works of American poets, it is not reasonable to condemn copies from the works of the great artists of Italy, as unworthy to hang beside the pictures of rustic and vagabond life which emanate from the questionable taste of some American painters.

This article has become too long. I will reserve for another some suggestions on the subject of exhibitions for money, of large works, both in town and country.

J. K. FISHER.

Musical.

On Tuesday of last week, the long-promised opera, Don Giovanni, was produced, on that evening, for the benefit of Signor Beneventano. The love of all who know the music, and the curiosity of all who do not, insured at once a

brilliant audience, and we may refer to this as the only benefit of the season when the house has been filled. On this occasion it was crowded, as it has been since each night of its performance, and will be, we believe, if played for the next month. There could be no sort of doubt as to the success of the opera. There is that in the music of Mozart which fascinates the ear of the most ignorant, being more overflowing with melody than the softest of Italian operas, generally thought "so sweet." The cast is everything that could be desired, and brings forth the strength of the company in its best points of view. Signorina Trufi is the Donna Anna, and Signorina Patti Donna Elvira. Signorina Bertucca the Zerlina. Don Giovanni had to be intrusted to Signor Beneventano; Signor Forti was the Ottavio; Novelli, Masetto; Sanquirico, Leporello; Strini, the Commendatore.

The Donna Anna, with the first-named lady, is evidently not a favorite part. She may not be interested in her character, but she certainly makes it less interesting to others than she might do where there is so much room for her tragic power and good acting. Neither does she do anything like justice to her music; her recitatives are always well delivered, as she has so much dramatic feeling that she invariably gives out the full meaning of a situation; but with her soli we cannot say we were satisfied. Her voice, perhaps, is too deficient to do proper justice to this, some of the finest music in the world—*Non mi dir*, for instance, the gem of the last act, which she omitted altogether; but a few more nights may rouse her to greater exertion. Signorina Bertucca has met with all that she can desire in Zerlina; she enters into the character perfectly. Her acting is charming and lady-like, her dressing is good, and, above all, she sings throughout with the knowledge and feeling of a musician. Her songs were beautifully sung, her voice being in good order, pure, and sweet, while in her concerted music she was never at fault. On the whole, Zerlina must be classed among this lady's more successful characters. Signorina Patti makes an effective Elvira. She has much to do, and is attentive and careful. Her music, which is rather high, causes her to send forth some of those amazing *forte* notes in which she so delights, but, nevertheless, it must be styled a very creditable performance. Signor Forti gave his exquisite air, "*Il mio tesoro*," beautifully, with grace and fidelity; it was, as it should have been, one of the strong points of the Opera. We should like to have heard him sing that in the first act; he would do justice to it. Signor Novelli "makes himself up" for Masetto, as he does for everything, à *miraviglià*; vocally he is somewhat tame and monotonous, but always steady and reliable. The Leporello of Signor Sanquirico is really a clever performance; here and there too much exaggerated, but the part was well sung, and notwithstanding his deficient organ, might be called more masterly. Contrary to that useful little axiom, duty first and pleasure afterwards, we have first allowed ourselves the pleasure of praising what we so much admired, and put off to the last the duty of reference to Signor Beneventano, as the hero of the opera. We have so often stated our opinion of this gentleman's misdirected efforts, that we need hardly detail it once more. In this instance, though we may sigh for a better "Don," we will, however, own with pleasure that there is a considerable diminution of the force and *furor* with which the house has so often been greeted; the actor is subdued, the singer, a

little, a *very* little softened. Here is matter for congratulation. It cannot but be said that the notes of the music are actually sung, and with care, too, of a certain sort; but we would suggest that the ranting, roaring, coarse hallooing (we can call it nothing else), of that beautiful air, "*Finché han dal vino*," is not precisely the rendering Mozart could have wished. It is so attractive in itself that it is invariably *encored*, and the consequences upon a gentleman of Signor Beneventano's irritable nerves, in the shape of increased vigor of lungs, may be, in familiar phrase, more easily imagined than described. Neither does it seem to us that the gait adopted by this "artist," something between that of an intoxicated sailor and a rollicking farmer, is precisely that of a noble cavalier, irresistible to feminine hearts in grace and attraction of every kind. We submit it to him, whether, as he cannot accomplish fascination of demeanor, the quiet walk of an ordinary gentleman might not be next best. A few performances may, however, soften much; for the present we will leave the subject. We need not say that the orchestra was excellent. The care that M. Maretzek has bestowed upon it, is now answering well. The manner in which the concerted music was delivered, was, however, the crown of the performance. Nothing could be more musicianly than the ease and truth of the finale to the first act. It was admirable. The trio between Donna Anna, Elvira, and Ottavio, was exquisitely sung, and appreciated by the audience. We have not space, this week, to enlarge upon many other points that have attracted our notice; for the present it must suffice, that the entire opera reflects great credit upon all concerned in it—the energetic manager especially.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Firth and Pond have published lately, "*Lurline*," a Romance after the style of "*Le Réve*," composed by W. V. Wallace. This is dedicated to J. W. Davidson, Editor of the London Musical World, and is a pleasing melody, or song without words, not very difficult.

"*A ride I once was taking*," the celebrated song "*Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!*" sung by Jenny Lind, composed by Fred. Kucken. Easy and pretty.

"*Change not Thou*," Melody by Donizetti, Arranged by W. C. Peters. A popular air, graceful and simple.

"*O my heart is weary waiting*," Music by Herman Saroni. E. L. Walker, Phila. A very chastely conceived little melody.

GENIUS.

FAR out at sea—the sun was high.
While veered the wind and flapped the sail,—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue
Far out at sea.

Above there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean shone;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene;
Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee!
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone.
Night comes, with wind and rain,—and he
No more will dance before the Morn—
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween;
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,
A larger life and hope,—though lost,
Far out at sea!

R. H. HOBBS.

Facts and Opinions.

THE dinner given to Judge Jones, on occasion of his retirement from the Bench, on the evening of the 1st inst., was attended by a distinguished representation of the New York Bar. Daniel Lord presided. Judge Jones's remarks were in a clear, firm tone, as he recalled the former days of the profession. Mr. Brady concluded a speech by speaking of the compatibility of the legal profession with the pursuit of literature, and with a toast to Thomas Noon Talfourd. Dr. Wainwright gave as a sentiment—"The Legal Profession, whose honorable calling it is to guard human law, the essential law of society—and which unites man to the principles of Christ, and through them to God in Heaven." Mr. Girard's biographies of the late Messrs. Jackson, John Doe, Richard Roe, Stiles, Nokes, &c., was in his usual happy, humorous style.

"Jenkins of the Morning Post," writes the London correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times*, "occupied a private box at the performance of Mrs. Mowatt's 'Fashion,' at the Olympic, for about ten minutes, but when the honest Farmer Trueman enters a New York drawing-room in a rough over-coat, with an unscented 'wiper,' and with muddy boots, he exclaimed that the characters were all 'blackguards and imposters,' and immediately left the house."

"We see it stated," says the *Evening Mirror*, "that a grandson of Lord Byron, young Lovelace, is in the British Army. He had better come to New York and look after his father's reputation, or his 'uncle' will use it up."

Mr. George Copway, a Chief of the Chippeway, in a very able pamphlet, has submitted to the consideration of Congress a plan for the "Organization of a new Indian Territory, east of the Missouri River."

"We have been requested to state," says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "that the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address will be sold at PUBLIC SALE on the 12th of February, as advertised, and the sale will be peremptory, be the price what it may. The statement made in Congress that it was offered at private sale by the Administrators, was erroneous; such never was their intention, and it will not be so disposed of."

The Boston correspondent of the Salem Register relates the following anecdote of a once celebrated actress, and now equally celebrated reader of Shakespeare, which occurred at the Revere House during a recent visit to the city:—A waiter carried in her dinner a little before the appointed hour. She was writing, and impatient of interruption, glanced at her watch, and beckoned him angrily to take the dishes away again. He hesitated. "Is't five o'clock?" said the *tragédienne*, fixing such an eye upon him as made the dishes shake in his hands. "It lacks but three minutes of it," he meekly urged. "I DINE AT FIVE!" thundered the ex-actress, and brought down her arm with such force upon her desk, that it nearly took the astonished waiter off his feet. A moment and he was among the missing.

From the Report to the New York State Legislature of the Commissioners appointed to mature a plan for an Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, we learn that while the average production of wheat, oats, and potatoes per acre in England, is respectively 28, 58, and 350 bushels; in Scotland, 32, 56, 400; in Flanders, 22, 52, 550; that of our best counties, Dutchess and Columbia, is only 15, 30, and 150.

A little knowledge is sometimes available to a critic. A writer in the *Evening Mirror* says of Mr. Boker's tragedy of "Anna Boleyn:"—"It has the subdued tone and scholarly finish of the best specimens of literary art, and is as far removed from the feeble sentimentalism and affected elegance of Willis, as from the vulgar rudeness and unmeaning fustian of Mathews. We know of nothing equal to it among Ameri-

can plays, except Mrs. Oakes-Smith's 'Jacob Leisler.'" Unfortunately for these odorous epithets, Mr. Mathews himself, and not Mrs. Smith, is the author of Jacob Leisler!

The *American Review* for Feb. says, "Alexander Von Humboldt is one of the most respectable names in the annals of natural science. * * * He is one of those irreproachable mediocrities which, in philosophy as in society, you hear everybody praise, because they have not force enough to scorn the pretenders or to rival the truly great."

The Emperor of all the Russias is called, in the *Democratic Review*, an "autocratic alligator."

In the new Houses of Parliament in London, the Victoria Tower is designed to rise to the height of 340 feet, or 64 feet less than the height from the ground of the Cross of St. Paul's, the central tower to be 300 feet, and the clock tower an intermediate height. In the Poet's Hall the fresco-painters, Cope, Herbert, and Horseley, have illustrated Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; Mr. Tenniel is at work on Dryden's St. Cecilia; Mr. Herbert on Spenser. Pope, Byron, and Sir Walter Scott are to be represented.

Chantrey, the sculptor, says his recent biographer George Jones, "whenever he saw a man fond of, or cultivating a superfluous growth of hair, or imitating a Raphaelesque appearance, would present such a person with a shilling, and beg that he would encourage some hair-dresser by his custom."

The *London Literary Gazette* says of the fashionable songs of the day—"these realms were never so stultified and besotted as at this hour, when we are inundated with a class of compositions so infinitely beneath contempt, that to waste a word upon their inanity would be a waste indeed."

M. Nisard, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says: "I once asked a miller, on a Sunday after the sails of his mill had been idle for a week, if he did not regret losing the wind which God caused to blow that day? 'I have always remarked,' he answered, 'that what is gained on the Sunday is lost on the Monday.'"

"No better illustration," says the Report of the N. Y. State Agricultural Commissioners, "can be had of the rude and unskilful mode in which domestic animals are treated when diseased, than some of the directions given in agricultural works; such as thrusting wires up the nostrils of sheep, to remove insects in the head; driving a knife into the stomach of an ox, to relieve him from gas generated by fermented food; and twisting a feather round in the wind-pipe of a chicken, to destroy the gapes."

Cornelius Mathews has undertaken the editorship of the "Weekly Review," an exceedingly well filled miscellaneous newspaper, published in this city. The sketches of New York, for which Mr. Mathews is so well known to the public, are continued in this journal under a novel title. The "Thumb-Nail" Sketch, by Mr. Pinfeather, of Captain Post, in a late number, is a capital piece of burlesque on the biographies of greatness.

Herman Melville has returned from his visit to Europe, in the packet ship Independence, which reached this port last week. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of the International Copyright Question, he was met in a spirit of liberality by Mr. Bentley, who is at present largely engaged in the publication of American books, with whom he entered into a satisfactory arrangement for his next work. It is a romance entitled "White Jacket; or, the World in a Man-of-War," and will, we understand, be issued by the Messrs. Harper, in the course of the ensuing month. The title is significant of a survey of the whole subject, and we may expect, along with an interesting story, some light to be incidentally thrown on the important Naval Reform questions of the day.

"Examining the other day," says the *Weekly Review*, "some old books and records relating to the early history of our island, we found set down to its credit the self-same weather and climate which belong to it at this day in the good new year 1850;—the same soft rays of sunshine and summer creeping in upon the cold form of winter." The thermometer stood, on the 26th and 27th of January of the present year, at noon, at 50° and 52°.

The *Evening Post* recommends the topic of International Copyright as a profitable one at the present time for a Member of Congress who would "secure to himself an honorable distinction by some proceeding out of the common track of party legislation; the class of American authors being more numerous than that of the American mill-owners, though unfortunately not so rich; and their good opinion, if fairly won by successfully supporting a cause of which few deny the justice, though nobody in public life takes the trouble to become its champion, worth possessing."

"A court," says the *London Examiner*, in respect to the Lord Chamberlain and certain preposterous state usages, "that does not keep pace with a People will look smaller through the tube which Mr. Stephenson is throwing across the Menai Straits than it looked before."

Transportation, though shaken in the public confidence in England, is by no means relinquished. A new batch of convicts, it is stated, will be forwarded to the settlement at Perth, Western Australia.

The committee of the principal library of Burton-upon-Trent, says a correspondent of the *Athenaeum*, have burnt Miss Martineau's *Travels in the East* "with every mark of indignation!"

The Paris Correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette* pronounces the "*Jour de l'An*" a nuisance;—"inasmuch as with all its demonstrations of friendship and affection between relatives and acquaintances, it has none of the jovial, genial heartiness of jolly old Christmas of Old England; and, not least, it requires the giving of so much money to servants and others, so many toys to children, and so many *étrennes* to lady friends, as to be an awful tax on the purse."

Auction sales of private collections of pictures and works of art are very common now in Paris, an indication, it is thought, of the want of a feeling of security. They, however, bring good prices.

The *Electric Telegraph* between France and England, by a submarine communication across the Channel, has been authorized by the President, and will, it is said, be immediately established, bringing Paris within a minute of London.

Patrick Frazer Tytler, the well-known historian, died lately at Malvern in England. He was the author of "The History of Scotland," the "Lives of Scottish Worthies," the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," &c. He enjoyed a pension, obtained through Sir Robert Peel, of £200.

John Duncan, the English traveller in Africa, lately deceased, a man of character and resolution, was the son of a small farmer in North Britain, had served 18 years in the Life Guards, and accompanied the expedition to the Niger in 1842, in which he received a severe wound. He again entered the country and made various original observations in 1844, under the auspices of the Geographical Society, published in the society's journal. He died on his way to Dahomey, for which place he had been appointed Vice-Consul.

"Within two more centuries," writes Walter Savage Landon, "Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso will be the richest of the cities in the forty United States, and will contend with each other which of the two speaks with most purity the Anglo-Saxon tongue."

"We never knew," says Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the *Art-Journal*, "one of those women who are for upsetting the Christian order of man's precedence, who was not a restless, discontented person, and even more to be pitied, because more

unhappy, than the weak and suffering woman, who, bearing her cross in humble imitation of Him who, when 'reviled, reviled not again,' presses onward in her thorny path of duty, looking forward to the future while enduring the present, and not unfrequently rewarded by winning back, even at the eleventh hour, the wandering heart."

Mr. Silk Buckingham, the lecturer, has received a vote of thanks from the inhabitants of Alloa, in Scotland, "for the information he had communicated in his very fluent and impressive manner."

Walter Savage Landor has borne his testimony to the Hungarian cause in some verses commencing:—

Death in the battle is not death—
Deep, deep may seem the mortal groan,
Yet sweeter than an infant's breath
Is Honor's on that field alone.

Where Kosuth called his spirits forth
Aloft from Dunaw's heaving breast:
They quelled the South, they shook the North,
They sank by fraud, not strength repress.

If Freedom's social fire lies quenched,
O England! was it not by thee?
Ere from such hands the sword was wrenched,
Thine was the power to shield the free.

The *Journal de Constantinople* confirms the intelligence that M. de Lamartine has become the possessor of a considerable extent of land near Smyrna.

The President of the French Republic, on the report of the Minister of the Marine, has conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honor on twenty naval surgeons, for their exertions during the prevalence of the cholera at the various naval ports.

The procession of the *Bœuf Gras* is to be revived in Paris this year.

Horace Vernet is *en route* to Rome, to take sketches, it is supposed, of the victories of the French over the Romans!

A German writer observes, in a recent volume on the social condition of Great Britain:—"There is such a scarcity of thieves in England, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery."

A correspondent of the *Tribune* furnishes the exact locality of Washington Irving's birth-place, in this extract from a letter of Geoffrey Crayon himself:—"The spot where I was born was on the west side of William street, next door to the corner of Fulton, now occupied in part by the Washington Stores."

The deposits at the four U.S. Mints during the year 1849, amounted to \$14,609,463, of which \$12,243,175 were in gold. The California Gold brought to the U.S. Mints since its first discovery is \$6,191,696.

Mr. Willis, in the *Home Journal*, notices some of the subtle influences of Mr. Emerson's tone and delivery:—"A man who should make a visit of charity, and after expressing all proper sympathy, should bid adieu to the poor woman, leaving her very grateful for his kind feelings, but should suddenly return, after shutting the door, and give her a guinea, would produce just the effect of his most electric sentences. You do not observe it in reading, because you withhold the emphasis till you come to the key-word. But, in delivery, his cadences tell you that the meaning is given, and the interest of the sentence all over, when—flash!—comes a single word or phrase, like lightning after listened-out thunder, and illuminates, with astonishing vividness, the cloud you have striven to see into."

An informal report has been made by the Commissioners of Emigration, from which it appears that the emigration into the city of New York for the year 1849 has been one sixth more than it was in 1848. These are the statistics of 1849: Total number of passengers who landed at the port of New York, was 234,271. Of these there were citizens, 13,668; and aliens, 220,603. Of these were natives of Ireland, 112,591; of Germany, 55,705; of other countries, 52,307.

There were 1,483 convicts in the three prisons of this State on the 1st December, 1849, an increase of 174 since last year. The average number of the convicts in all the prisons being 1,385½, and the deaths (except three accidental) being 31, the mortality was 1 in 44 2/3, or about 2¼ per cent. Among the prisoners at Auburn are, 2 lawyers, 1 physician, 10 barbers, 12 cooks, 230 foreigners, 49 who have had a good English education, 9 who have had a classical education, 555 intemperate, 390 moderate drinkers, 54 total abstinent, seven hundred and seventy-five tobacco chewers! 264 had been gamblers, five hundred and twenty were deprived of a home, 68 were separated from their wives.

The *Tribune* translates a foreign letter from a writer at a Venice, which contains some details of the present state of the city:—"I stopped my gondola at one of those magnificent palaces which involuntarily enchain every spectator by their perfect architecture. On the steps and the porch was a crowd of men. I asked what the matter was. An auction of all the furniture. I went up stairs until I came through a row of high marble columns, ornamented with costly frescos, into the room where the auction was held. The hammer was just striking off two splendid pier-glasses, of the celebrated manufacture of Ribaldi, for a mere song, to an old woman who kept a curiosity shop. Other valuable articles went in the same way, in which you saw at the first glance the splendid history of centuries. For collectors of antiquity, Venice now opens rich, and I heard that commissions are constantly sent over by England. Many private galleries were to be previously removed. The palace itself, which cost at least a million of francs, was sold for 54,000 florins. The purchaser is to turn it into a soap-factory."

Some very remarkable letters of De Maistre, the great Catholic writer, on Public Education in Russia, are shortly to appear in Paris.

"By the way," writes the London correspondent of the *Evening Mirror*, by the last steamer, "what a climax to the Abbotsford dreams of perpetuating an ennobled ancestry was disclosed, in the records of the Bankruptcy Court, this week, in the infamous case of one Ferris, where we find the son of Lockhart—heir to the Waverley patrimony—not only the dupe of blacklegs, jockeys, usurers, hell-keepers, and all the lower ministering vermin of scapegrace improvidence, but alternately laughed at and pitied by these plunderers as, 'illiterate, stupid, and green as grass.' And these terms applied to the grandson and sole surviving representative of the name and honors of Scott!"

The Reform Club nearly lost its renowned cook, M. Soyer, recently, by the breaking of the ice in St. James's Park. He was rescued by the Humane Society; since which he has testified his gratitude by paying a subscription of ten guineas, thereby constituting himself a life-governor.

"Thomas Moore, the poet," says the *Art-Journal*, "is in the enjoyment of good health, physical and intellectual, at his cottage at Sloperton, takes his daily walks along the terrace which borders his pretty garden, and drives as usual each day in a small pony carriage. He is not living in more than the ordinary retirement in which he has passed the last seven or eight years of his life."

Mr. Warburton, the talented author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, has granted a rental abatement of 25 per cent. to his tenants in the county of Kilkenny.

"Miss Brontë, the authoress of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Shirley,' says a London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, "is the survivor of three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, who each have been before the public under the assumed name of Bell; Charlotte as Currer Bell, Emily as Ellis Bell, and Anne as Acton Bell. Emily published a volume of Poems under her assumed name of Ellis Bell; and Anne wrote 'Wildfell Hall' as Acton Bell; Emily and Anne both died consumptive, but Charlotte remains, and we

hope will long continue to do so, to amuse and instruct the world with some more of the lucubrations of Currer Bell."

There were printed in France in 1849 8,276 works of all sorts, less by 170 than the number published in 1848, the year of the revolution. Of this number, 7,378 were books in all languages, living and dead; 672 stamps, engravings, and lithographs; and 226 musical works.

The pictures left by the late William Etty, R.A., are shortly to be disposed of.

A leader of the London *Daily News* furnishes the following statistics:—"The colonial dominions of Great Britain (exclusive of the East India Company's territories) have an extent of about 6,000,000 square miles. Of these, about 2,500,000 are situated to the north of the tropics, rather more than a million within the tropics, and about 2,500,000 to the south of the tropics. They were inhabited in 1846 by about 6,500,000 persons, of whom nearly 2,500,000 are whites, 1,500,000 being whites of British birth or descent. The number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to these colonies was 129,851 in 1846, and 258,270 in 1847. The average value of the annual exports of British manufactures and produce to these colonies was 9,985,948*l.* for the five years ending 1836; 13,453,659*l.* for the five years ending 1841; and 14,355,461*l.* for the five years ending 1846."

"The journalist," writes the *North British Mail*, "is rewarded for his aching eyes, heavy headaches, and many waking hours in which he is either reading or writing always, by pleasures of his own. It is delightful to him to watch events. He is himself an organ of the public voice. His business is to say what many think. He thus lives the public life of the time, and throbs to the pulsations of the general heart of the people."

The British press, calculates *Bentley's Miscellany*, sent forth in 1849 in the daily and provincial papers, a printed surface of 1,466,150,000 square feet, enough if joined one to another to encircle the earth at the equator nearly six times.

THE STORY-TELLERS.

ALL blessings on their name and fame,
The pleasant story-tellers,
The benefactors of the world,
Care soothers—sorrow-quieters.

Blessings upon them each and all,
From sweet Scheherazade—
(The best of story-tellers yet,
And model of a lady;—)

To modern times when other dames,
As tender and loquacious,
Pour forth three volumes at a time,
Romantic and vivacious.

Blessings upon them! whatso'er
Their language or their nation,
Who people earth with deathless forms
Of beautiful creation;—

On old Boccaccio, gay as youth—
On Chaucer, fresh as morning,
On heavenly Shakespeare, friend of man,
Humanity adorning;—

On stanch Defoe, whose fruits were sweet,
Though somewhat stubborn-rinded;—
On honest Bunyan, firm of faith,
Sublime, but simple-minded;—

On Swift, from out whose bitterness
There came a sweetness after—
On Sterne, the master of our tears,
The ruler of our laughter;—

On Fielding, from whose wondrous pen,
Came forth a stream incessant,
Of wit and mirth, and feeling, too,
And genial fancies pleasant;—

On Smollet, Goldsmith, Richardson;—
And Rattliffe, ruin-hauntedress,
Dear to our hearts for youthful dreams,
A sweet but sad enchantress;—

On Walter Scott, great potentate,
Who ruled o'er wide dominions,
As wide as fancy e'er surveyed,
On her supporting pinions;—

On Dickens, monarch of our hearts—
The wizard's fit successor;
And on all story-tellers true—
The greater and the lesser;

On all who've spurred through fairy land,
Their flying Rosinantes;
On Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Le Sage, and quaint Cervantes.

But if my voice might claim for one
A special benediction,
I'd pour it on Le Sage's head,
For his immortal fiction.

The roguish boy of Santillane—
Who has not read his story?
Who has not revelled o'er his faults,
His trials and his glory?

Who has not learned in youth or age
Some wisdom from his preaching,
Some gem of truth he might have scorned
From more obtrusive teaching?

But blessings on them each and all,
I make no reservation;
If in their page they love mankind,
And seek its elevation:

If evermore, both right and wrong
They bring to due fruition,
And show that knavery in the end
Must work its own perdition!

If evermore their words console
The virtuous in dejection,
And if their laughter, like their tears,
Teach goodness and reflection:

My choicest blessings on their heads—
Care-soothers—sorrow quellers—
Creators of a magic world—
Immortal story-tellers.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Publishers' Circular.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received an anonymous letter from Boston on the subject of Mr. Bartlett's *Reminiscences* of Albert Gallatin, in which the writer corrects some of the dates given in them, and also the amount of money said to have been advanced by Mr. Gallatin to Colonel Allen towards purchasing supplies for the troops, in an expedition in which they were both employed. The discrepancies in the dates are trifling, but it is well to have them correctly stated. We have shown the communication in question to the author of the "*Reminiscences*," who will gladly make the corrections referred to. The prominent events in Mr. Gallatin's life contained in this communication have already been given to the public in the newspapers, with more minuteness than they are here related.

The writer referred to asks whether Mr. Gallatin, in his conversations with Mr. Bartlett, ever alluded to the opposition shown in Pennsylvania to the excise act in 1794, commonly called the Whiskey Rebellion, and of the part which he (Mr. G.) took in it? We have understood Mr. Bartlett to say, that Mr. Gallatin had spoken of it to him, and had conveyed the idea that he was instrumental in checking the insurrection, not in promoting it.

The "*Reminiscences*" read by Mr. Bartlett to the New York Historical Society, and which were afterwards published in the columns of the *Literary World*, form but a small portion of the notes which Mr. Bartlett has preserved of the conversations of Mr. Gallatin. The interest awakened by the publication of these anecdotes, together with the urgent requests made to him by distinguished men of both political parties, that they should be given to the public, have induced Mr. Bartlett to consent to their publication in a more permanent form, in case he can obtain further materials. He has already received many interesting reminiscences and anecdotes relating to Mr. Gallatin from various quarters, and desires us to say that he will be thankful for any of his (Mr. G.'s) letters, or for any anecdotes connected with him. As the author of the communication referred to appears to be familiar with Mr. Gallatin's early career in the United States, he may be able to give Mr. Bartlett some interesting facts relating to him; if so, Mr. B. desires us to say, that he will feel under great obligations for them. He may communicate direct with Mr. B., who is at present in Providence, R. I.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON have in press Bernard Barton's *Life, Letters, and Poems*, with a portrait, to make a neat duodecimo volume. The *Convict Ship*, by Browning, with Notes and a Preface by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, with portraits, &c., in 2 vols. 12mo. A Dictionary of Synonymical Terms, by the Rev. J. H. Ransom. A Dictionary of Scriptural Quotations, Prose and Poetical, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld. The *Druggist's General Receipt Book*, by Henry Beasley, Author of the *Pocket Formulary*, &c. They have also ready Cuzlax's valuable work on Midwifery, including the Diseases of Parturition, &c., translated from the French, with colored and numerous other illustrations.

Messrs. LITTLE & BROWN, through their agency in this city, offer the *original edition* of the *Edinburgh Review* for 75 cts. a number, one-half the price in England. The January number is now ready.

"ITEMS" from the *Boston Christian Times*.—The *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*, an able periodical, which has been published for sixty-five years, under the able editorial charge of a number of successive professors at Halle, Germany, we regret to say, was discontinued in December last.

—The number of students in the University of Halle, in the summer of 1849, was 693; in 1829, it was 1291, of whom 934 were students of Theology. —Three thousand pounds have been subscribed in England to found a new College in Oxford, to educate clergymen of moderate pecuniary means. It is estimated that *thirty thousand pounds* will be needed to lay a foundation for the education of 50 scholars annually—so much more expensive is an education there than here. —Prof. Tholuck's Exposition of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, in the English translation, by Menzies, is in press at Andover. —Prof. Schaff, of Mercersburg, Pa., in reviewing the progress of Church History as a Science, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, says of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, that he presents, in his *History of the Reformation*, like Macaulay, in his celebrated *History of England*, "a series of brilliant pictures, without being able to rise to philosophical, universal views. Marheinecke's *History of the Reformation* is of much less pretension, but far more correct and true." —The Smithsonian Institution has a permanent fund of more than \$650,000, yielding annually about \$40,000, in the comprehensive language of its benevolent founder, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Mrs. Ellis, Author of "*Hearts and Homes*," and other works of merit, well known on this side of the Atlantic, has issued proposals for a new monthly work, to be called "*Mrs. Ellis's Morning Calls*." It is to appear simultaneously in London and New York, from the press of Tallis & Co.

A new satirical publication is being organized in London; Kenny Meadows is to draw for it, and the contributors are men of some standing. The title fixed upon is *Pasquin*. The first number will appear on the 18th instant. Miss Mulock, the authoress of "*The Ogilvies*," is engaged upon another work of fiction, which will probably appear in the course of the ensuing spring. Mr. Douglas Jerrold's comedy is now nearly ready for the stage. It will be produced at the Haymarket in the course of next month. —*Evening Mirror*.

We find the following Literary Announcements in the English Journals, in addition to those we have already given.

The *Comedy of Dante*. A new translation, by Patrick Bannermann, Esq. Printed for the author by Blackwood.

An *Autumn in Sicily*, by the Marquis of Ormonde, with 16 illustrations and woodcuts. Dublin: Hodges & Smith.

Railway Economy; or, the *Modern Art of Transport*, by Dr. Lardner. 12mo. Taylor, Walton & Maberly.

Women in France during the 18th Century, by Julia Kavanagh. 2 vols. 8vo.

Conversations of Goethe and Eckermann. Translated by John Oxenford. 2 vols. 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co.

A *New General Ecclesiastical Dictionary*, by the Rev. Edward H. Landon, M.A. 4 vols. 12mo. Vol. 1. Rivingtons.

Dr. Johnson; his *Religious Life and Death*, by the Author of Dr. Hookwell.

Antonina; or, the *Fall of Rome*, by W. Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. 8vo.

Spring Tide; or, the *Angler and his Friends*, by John Yonge Akerman.

Anecdotes of London and its Celebrities, by J. Heneage Jesse. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

Wanderings of a Pilgrim during Four and Twenty Years' Residence in the East. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 50 plates. P. Richardson.

A *Letter to the Queen on a late Court Martial*, by Samuel Warren. 8vo. Blackwoods.

Essays selected from *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*, by Henry Rogers. 2 vols. 8vo.

MR. BRYANT IN A BOOK OF PROSE.—"Mr. Bryant," it is a custom of Mr. Fenimore Cooper to say, "is the first literary man in America." Mr. Cooper can afford to bestow this praise. But whatever the merits of the author of "*Thanatopsis*," may be, he is generally known but in a limited range of art, and beyond the readers of the *Evening Post*, few are familiar with his abilities as an author in prose. The announcement, therefore, that he will soon publish a volume of "*Summer Travels in the New World and the Old*," will command an unusual degree of attention. It is well known that Mr. Bryant has been in the habit of passing his summer months in excursions, and that he has in different years visited the prairies of the west, the savannahs of the south, the West Indies, and southern, central, and northern Europe. His new work will consist, we believe, of reminiscences of these journeyings. —*Evening Mirror*.

LONDON TRADE SALES.—Few of our readers are perhaps aware that it is the custom of the two great London houses, Murray's and Longmans, to put their books up to a kind of auction every year; that the sale is prefaced by a dinner, at which all the booksellers of "credit" in London are invited to be present; and that, as soon as the cloth is removed, Mr. Hodgson, the auctioneer of Fleet street, commences the business of the day by offering the books *seriatim* as in the printed catalogue, to the attention of the guests. The practice is, not as at other auctions to knock the lot down to the highest bidder, but to put the book up at a certain price below what is usually called "subscription price," or, in other words, below the figure at which the book can be obtained on any other occasion. It is also the custom to put up the books not ready for delivery, but only nearly so; and it is curious to watch the interest that is felt throughout the room when a book of name is offered for the first time. It is a matter of ancient and proper deference to the great houses to let the "Row" begin. Thus, with a popular work, Longman will start with 350, Simpkin with the same number, Whittaker with 250, Hamilton & Adams with the same number; till at last it comes to "twenty-fives" and "fives," and at times only to "one." Not less interesting is it to behold the eager way in which the numbers called out are placed promptly on paper by the several booksellers, or the quick tradesman-like manner in which they cast up the several totals and look with mute astonishment one at another at the greatness of the demand. Sales of this description are limited to the two houses we have mentioned, and are always looked forward to with interest as affording an index of the approaching season. Mr. Murray's last sale during the present month was the best he has had since his father's death; he disposing of books on that day to the amount of 19,000*l*. Nor will this be wondered at when the numbers sold are put together. For instance, the trade took on that occasion, 2000 of Lord Campbell's *Chief Justices*, 5000 volumes of *The Colonial Library*, 1400 of Layard's *Nineveh*, 1400 of

Byron's Works in one volume, 1300 copies of Mr. Borrow's new work *L'Avengro*, 900 of the new edition of Mr. Cunningham's *Handbook for London*, 750 of Mr. Grote's *Greece*, 750 of Mr. Curzon's *Levant*, and 600 of Mr. Guizot's new work. School-books sold in still greater proportions; 5000 Markham's *Histories*, 4000 *Little Arthur's History of England*, 2000 *Woodworth's Latin Grammar*, 1200 *Somerville's Geography*, and even Mrs. Rundell, though thought to be antiquated, maintained her reputation with her new dishes and in her new dress. Authors benefit as well as booksellers by a sale like this.—*London Athenaeum*.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND FROM THE 14TH TO THE 29TH DECEMBER.

Bell (J.)—A System of Geography, Popular and Scientific; or, a Physical, Political, and Statistical Account of the World. By James Bell, Author of "Critical Researches in Geography." New Edition, corrected and revised to 1847. 6 vols. 8vo. pp. 3700, with Atlas of colored maps, and numerous illustrations, rich cloth, each 13s.; or, in twelve half vols. each 6s. 6d.; also in 23 parts, each 2s. 6d. Bell (A. M.)—A New Elucidation of the Principles of Speech and Elocution; a full Theoretical Development, with numerous Practical Exercises. By Alexander Melville Bell. 8vo. Edinburgh, pp. 314, cloth, 6s. 6d. Birckbek (S.)—The Protestant's Evidence. By the Rev. Simon Birckbek; being the Succession of Protestant Doctrine in all Ages. Vol. 2, post 8vo. pp. 408, cloth, to subscribers only 5s. Braithwaite (W.)—The Retrospect of Medicine; being a Half Yearly Journal of the Medical Sciences. Edited by W. Braithwaite. Vol. 20, July to December, 1849. 12mo. pp. 516, cloth, 6s. Browne (J.)—A History of the Highlands and Highland Clans, comprising Curious and Interesting Selections from the Stuart Papers. Illustrated Edition, on fine paper, with Portraits, Armorial Bearings, Map of Clan Territories, colored Specimens of Clan Tartans, Scenery of Important Localities, and numerous woodcuts. By James Browne, Esq., LL.D., Advocate. 4 vols. royal 8vo. cloth, £3. Bunyan (J.)—The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan, with a Life of the Author by the Rev. Thomas Scott, and Engravings by Harvey, &c. 8vo. pp. 360, cloth, 9s. Burbury (Mrs.)—From Advent to Advent; or, the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels of the Christian Year familiarly explained, by a Churchwoman to her Children. By Mrs. Burbury. 12mo. pp. 264, cloth, 4s. Burnet (J.)—Practical Hints on Portrait Painting. Illustrated by Examples from the Works of Van Dyke and other Masters. By John Burnet. 4to. pp. 64, cloth, 21s. Bye-Lanes (The) and Downs of England; with Turf Scenes and Characters. By Sylvanus. Post 8vo. pp. 366, cloth, 10s. 6d. Calvin (J.)—The Life of John Calvin; compiled from Authentic Sources, and particularly from his Correspondence. By Thomas H. Dyer. 8vo. pp. 572, portrait, cloth, 15s. Chantrey (Sir F.)—Sir Francis Chantrey; Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions. By George Jones. Post 8vo. pp. 310, cl. 8s. Cotton (H.)—Fasti Ecclesie Hibernice; the Succession of the Prelates and Members of the Cathedral Bodies of Ireland. By Henry Cotton. Part 8. 8vo. Dublin, pp. 210, sewed, 7s. 6d. Country Quarters; a Novel. By the Countess of Blessington. With a Memoir by her Niece, Miss Power. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 1016, bds. 31s. 6d. Cunningham (J.)—Apocalyptic Sketches; or, Lectures on the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. By the Rev. John Cunningham. 3d Series. 12mo. pp. 600, cloth, 9s. Da Costa (I.)—Israel and the Gentiles. Contributions to the History of the Jews, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Dr. Isaac Da Costa. Post 8vo. pp. 640, cl. 7s. 6d. Davidson (D.)—The Comprehensive Pocket Bible; with Explanatory Notes, &c. By D. Davidson. 12mo. pp. 1012, roan, 13s. Dixon (H.)—The London Prisoners; with an Account of the more Distinguished Persons who have been confined in them; to which is added, a Description of the Chief Provincial Prisons. By Hepworth Dixon. 12mo. pp. 448, cloth, 6s. Downing (C. T.)—On the Douleur, and other Painful Affections of the Nerves; with Suggestions for their Treatment by Means of the Aneurysm. Illustrated by numerous Cases, and an Engraving of the Apparatus. By C. Toogood Downing, M.D. 12mo. pp. 74, limp cloth, 3s. Ferrero (U. M.)—Diary of an Officer of the Brigade of Savoy in the Campaign of Lombardy. By Gabriel Maximilian Ferrero. Translated by the Countess Fanny Di Perasso, and dedicated to her Mother. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 140, cloth, 3s. 6d. Fiske (E. F.)—The Respective Peculiarities in the Creeds of the Mahometan and the Hindu which stand in the way of Conversion to the Christian Faith: an Essay. By Ernest Frederick Fiske, M.A. 8vo. Cambridge, pp. 160, bds. 6d. Flies in Amber. By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 934, bds. 31s. 6d. Gillman (G.)—Second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By George Gillman. Post 8vo. pp. 440, cloth, 10s. 6d. Goldsmith (O.)—A History of the Earth and Animated Nature. By Oliver Goldsmith. New Edition, with Life by Washington Irving, an Introductory View of the Animal Kingdom, translated from the French of Baron Cuvier; and Copious Notes of New Discoveries. Divisions I to J, Imperial 8vo. colored plates, sewed, each 4s. Halpin (N. J.)—The Dramatic Unities of Shakespeare. By the Rev. J. Halpin. 12mo. Dublin, pp. 60, cloth, 2s. Handel's Oratorio—Israel in Egypt. Edited by Vincent Novello. Royal 8vo. pp. 176, bds. 6s. 6d. Hervey (T. K.)—Juvenile Calendar and Zodiac of Flowers. By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With 12 Illustrations of the Months, by Richard Doyle. Square, pp. 224, cloth, 5s. Homeric Ballads, with Translations and Notes. By the late Wm.

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